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THE BYSTANDER March 1, 1939.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 1—March 7

THEATRES

Straight Plays

COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.—*L'Ecole des Maris* and *Le Chandelier*, to-day, 1st, 2.30 and 8.30; Thurs., 2nd, 8.30 (gala performance); *A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles* and *Le Légataire Universel*, Fri., 3rd, 8.30; Sat., 4th, 2.30 and 8.30: Savoy Theatre.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre company in Shaw's jibe at the medical profession: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.—Guthrie's production of Ibsen, cast headed by Edward Chapman, Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's newest has a strong cast headed by Ralph Richardson, Edna Best: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NORA.—Marius Goring's production of *The Doll's House*, with Lucie Mannheim in the name-part she played successfully abroad: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH.—Laidman Browne, Lydia Sherwood, Mary Jones, in an interesting but not enthralling play about marriage and divorce: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—Edmund Gwenn and Claude Hulbert deserve a better farce than this: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 116.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"To Love and to Cherish"

Michael Egan's play which started last week at the Kingsway has a marriage theme: of two daughters—Mary Jones and Lydia Sherwood—one falls in love with a married man, one marries a divorced man

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Adelphi (6.25 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THE JEALOUS GOD.—Constance Cummings, Irene Vanbrugh, C. V. France, in Benn Levy's new comedy: Lyric, to-night, 1st.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor re-opens at the Savoy, Mon., 6th.

WE AT THE CROSS ROADS.—Keith Winter's new play has a strong cast headed by Hugh Williams, Adrienne Allen, Jill Esmond: Globe, Tues., 7th.

CINEMAS

CLIMBING HIGH (British).—Jessie Matthews and Michael Redgrave in this; also FLIRTING WITH FATE, with Joe E. Brown: Empire.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a competent mediocrity: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE DAWN PATROL (American).—Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven in a thrilling account of the R.F.C.'s war activities: Warner.

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

GUNGA DIN (American).—The Empire must be grateful to Hollywood for this magnificent interpretation of the Kipling spirit on the N.W. Frontier; Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant: Gaumont, after premiere on Tues., 28th.

LE JOUEUR D'ECHECS (French).—A new version of the bizarre story of intrigue under Catherine II. of Russia; Conrad Veidt and Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

KENTUCKY (American).—Loretta Young, Richard Greene head the cast in a racing story also MARCH OF TIME No. 11: New Gallery.

THE OUTSIDER (British).—Continuation of the *Citadel* theme—an "unethical" doctor is justified; Walter Mycroft Mary Maguire: Regal.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

PERSONS IN HIDING (American).—A pleasant little potboiler about crime and love: Plaza.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (American).—Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and all Hollywood's ingenuity in another horror-striker: Leicester Square.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Great acting by Clive Brook as a charming villain; also Jane Baxter and Barry Barnes: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 1st, 8.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, CHECKMATE, JUDGEMENT OF PARIS, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 2nd, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Fri., 3rd, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 4th, 2.30.

FAUST, WITH BALLET.—Sat., 4th, 8.

TANNHÄUSER.—Tues., 28th, 7.30.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult conducts in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" Overture, Beethoven's 3rd Piano Concerto (Solomon), Vaughan Williams' London Symphony, Hamilton Harty's "Children of Lirs" (Isobel Baillie) (conducted by composer): Queen's Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.15.

CORTOT.—A Chopin recital; 24 preludes (op. 28), 12 preludes (op. 10), 12 preludes (op. 25): Palladium, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a Sibelius, Beethoven, Brahms programme: Covent Garden, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

MONDAY "POP."—Yves Tznaire and the Cembalo Trio in a Kriedel, Mozart, Pergolesi, Lully, Rameau programme: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 6th, 5.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERTS.—The L.P.O. under Sargent; Bach's double violin Concerto (D minor) (Sammons, Szigeti), Beethoven's 8th Symphony, Chausson's Poème, Elgar's Symphony in E flat: Queen's Hall, Mon., 6th, Tues., 7th, 8.15.

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The Bystander

Yevonde

The Lady Burghley

Lady Burghley is the fourth of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch's five daughters and she has inherited her full share of the family's good looks, strongly resembling her royal elder sister, the Duchess of Gloucester. Last January saw the tenth anniversary of the wedding in 1929 between Lord Exeter's heir, then known as a brilliant hurdler, and Lady Mary Theresa Scott. Since that date Lord Burghley has taken on many responsibilities, including the representation of Peterborough in the Commons, the chairmanship of the British Olympic Council, the presidency of the A.A.A., and numerous company directorships. He and Lady Burghley have three daughters, Davina, Gillian, and Angela who was born last year. They live near Stamford

The Queen visited the British Industries Fair at Earl's Court on the day it opened simultaneously there, at Olympia, and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham; she was received by Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, and attended by Lady Hambleden (behind). At the fair H.M. let drop a hint of great moment to those whom it concerns: "It is a pity so many debutantes think they have to dress in white for the Courts. I like pastel shades of all kinds"

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE pledge which Great Britain has given to France has now been made perfectly clear. Lord Halifax in the House of Lords has categorically stated that no reservation of any kind accompanied the Prime Minister's words last week. Anglo-French solidarity is complete and unbreakable. That is the proper answer to the Axis.

ONE of the important points in the Chamberlain—Mussolini Agreement was that Signor Mussolini agreed to make immediate and substantial reductions in his garrison in Libya. He did so. He carried out his obligations to the letter. But having done so the Duce played another card. The moment his garrison had been reduced by 30,000 men, he popped them all back into transports and sent them back to Libya. Mr. Chamberlain admitted in the House of Commons that the Italian garrison is now as strong as it was when the Agreement was signed, but added that he does not regard this as a breach of the Pact. And he is perfectly right. The Duce has acted in in strict accordance with the Pact.

MR. R. S. HUDSON'S mission to Moscow is a matter of considerable interest. It is the first time for many months that the Government has held out a friendly hand to the U.S.S.R. For one reason or another, Mr. Chamberlain preferred to deal with the Czechoslovak crisis without the assistance of the Russians, and since the days of Munich the Soviet Ambassador in London has been rather conspicuously cold-shouldered. But now there is a sudden change. Lord Halifax has had dinner with Mr. Maisky, and now Mr. Hudson is off to the Kremlin. This is all to the good. We want trade and we want friends, both rather badly.

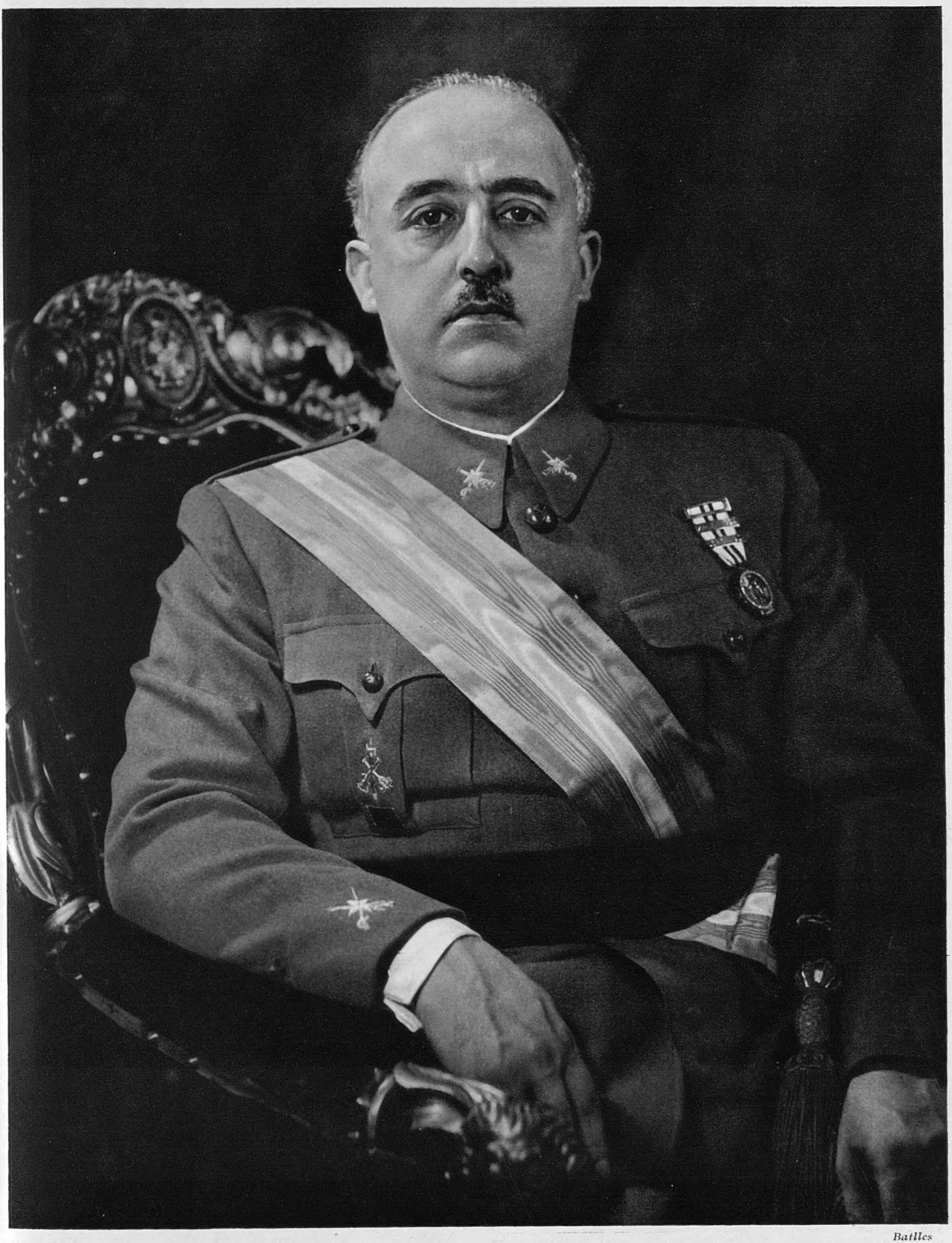
FOR the first time for twenty years, representatives of Jews and Arabs have met in conference to discuss Palestine. This in itself is encouraging, but it does not mean that a solution of the apparently unsolvable problem is in sight. It does seem as if Great Britain has undertaken an impossible task. If you promise Palestine to the Jews, and then you also promise it to the Arabs, it is a little difficult to see how you are going to fulfil both promises and leave everyone happy.

SIR REGINALD FORD has made his decision. He has resigned his Food Controllership and has elected to remain in Belgium. Mr. Oliver Stanley, the President of the Board of Trade, has congratulated him on his public spirit. Sir Reginald gave as his reason that he was distressed at the rumour that his appointment might hinder recruiting for National Service. But the damage has not only been done by his appointment. It has actually been increased by his resignation. But there it is. Mr. Oliver Stanley has laid down the criterion of public spirit, and who are we that we should contradict him?

JUST as the Food Controllership has dealt a heavy blow at National Service, so the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, has punched a great hole through the evacuation scheme. He has a fairly large house in the country and, before committing himself to promising to take in refugees from the bombed areas, he has addressed a series of questions to the Ministry of Health, all of them based upon his distrust of the idea of having children indiscriminately billeted upon him. Thousands of housewives all over the country have sprung with a whoop of joy to his Lordship's banner. They also distrust the notion of an invasion of children into their homes. The solution, of course, is the establishment of camps, where communal evacuation could be easily organised.

(*Concluded on page 286*)

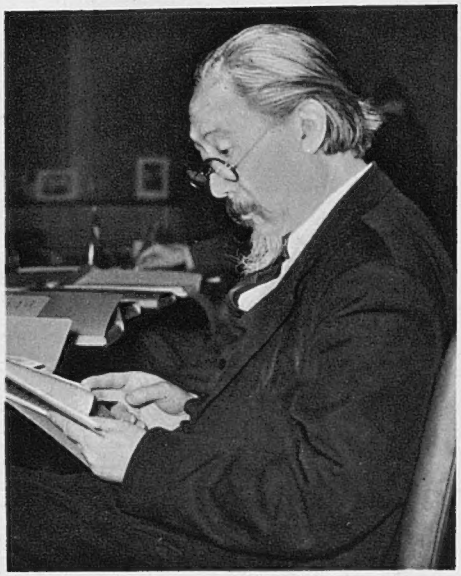
Half an hour after midnight on December 4th, 1892, in the Galician port of Ferrol, a son was born to the beautiful wife of a naval paymaster called Franco, and thirteen days later was baptised Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teódulo. The stars destined the child—like an Italian bambino of eight and an Austrian kindchen of three—to the leadership in his country of resurgent reaction to the popular forces then brewing. Franco's career simply is that of the most brilliant member of a proud, strong army caste with its roots in monarchical tradition, a caste that suffered the republic as a pis aller until the republic rushed leftwards, that revolted then before it was too late. 2nd Lieut. Franco passed out of the Toledo Military Academy in 1910, was plunged into the fierce fighting in Morocco where he earned phenomenal promotion: Major, 1916; Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Spanish Legion, 1923; General, 1925, at the age of thirty-two. His marriage was equally romantic.: at twenty he used to wait to see his fifteen-year-old beloved as she left school, returned from Morocco to marry her after ten years of opposition from her family. This year, bravery, fortune, ruthlessness and force have achieved their result in making Francisco Franco head of the state. He is forty-six



Battles

H. E. Generalissimo Francisco Franco Baamonde

***Serge Rachmaninoff** gives his second and last recital in London this season on Saturday week at the Queen's Hall, after which he will make a short tour of the provinces. The Russian composer-pianist lives in voluntary exile in his chalet on Lake Lucerne, will return thither for the summer*



***Prof. Li-Yu Ling** was one of the delegates at the general council of the International Peace Campaign which met under Lord Cecil's chairmanship at Gas Industry House, Grosvenor Place. The professor, one among delegates from twenty nations, is director of the Pekin Academy*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 284)

THE steel shelter nonsense is not nearly finished yet. Delivery has begun, and Air Wardens are canvassing householders who have less than £250 a year, asking them to sign forms of application for the free shelters. Already a great many householders are refusing to sign the forms, on the ground that they don't want to advertise to their neighbours that their income is so small. They would sooner be bombed than sneered at.

THE death of Lord Brabourne is the heaviest blow that Britain has suffered for many a year. A soldier, an administrator, a gentleman, he was loved by all, and respected by all. Without any doubt he would have been Viceroy, and he would have been one of the greatest of all Viceroys. He was only forty-three.

THIS week's prize in the non-sequitur department goes to Mr. Arita, Foreign Minister of Japan. Having announced that the Japanese Government is considering drastic means to end the campaign of terrorism in Shanghai, he was asked what the Government intended to do. Mr. Arita sprang to his feet and replied: "Shanghai is a Jewish fortress."

MR. A. P. HERBERT will have a good deal of sympathy in his attempt to prevent Dr. Frank Buchman from registering the title Oxford Group. Dr. Buchman's movement is American, and has nothing whatever to do with Oxford University. I need not add that I am not saying a word against or in favour of the movement, because it means nothing to me anyway. But I do think it ought to be called Buchmanism, and not the Oxford Group.

***Lady Dorman-Smith,** wife of the Minister of Agriculture, presented the George V. challenge cup to Mr. James Runciman, the Cambridge veterinary surgeon, at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. It was won for him by Bower Winalot, the fine old champion (bred by the late G. R. C. Foster) who made a triumphant return to the show ring after five years' absence*

A TERRIFIC business is going on about the B.B.C. News Bulletins. One says that the announcers' voices are too warlike; another says that they are too pacifist; a third says that the News frightens him every evening so that he can't sleep; and a fourth says that the News is so dull that he can hardly listen to it. Mr. Evelyn Waugh has come in for a lot of abuse because of his mild suggestion that listening to the News is not yet compulsory in this country, and that people with weak nerves might just as well switch off their radio machines.

SIR JAMES JEANS has accepted the invitation from the Cambridge Conservative Graduates Association to stand for Parliament for the University at the next election. This is another step in the right direction—the right direction being the enlistment of great men in the service of the State rather than the enlistment of professional political hacks and rich nonentities, too many of whom have occupied the House of Commons too long and too stupidly.

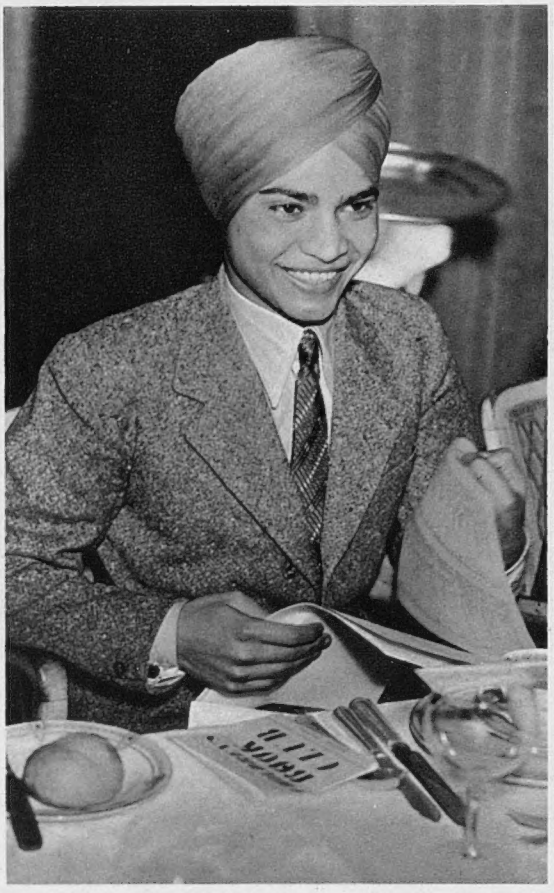
PRINCE'S CLUB closes its doors on March 12th, and one of London's most famous institutions comes to an end. For many years Prince's has been the headquarters of the Tennis and Rackets Association, and great matches have been played in its courts. Seven times the world's Tennis Championship has been played at Prince's and several matches for the world's championship at rackets. The passing of Prince's means that only four tennis courts are left in the whole of London (two at Queen's, one at Lord's, and one at Hampton Court), and only one racquet court, the one at Queen's.

MISS ODETTE KEUN has written a brilliant book about America called *I Think Aloud in America*, in which she describes the passionate hatred with which the Republicans regard Mr. Roosevelt. And in a few biting pages she reminds her readers how the Republicans brought the United States to the verge of anarchy and revolution under President Hoover, and how President Roosevelt stepped in and held up the tottering fabric on his own shoulders.

THE Boon-Danahar fight has gone a long way to restoring British boxing prestige. These lads are not only tough, but they are skilful as well, and for the first time for quite a while it looks as if Britain may produce a fighter in the tradition of Jimmy Wilde, Jimmy Driscoll and Benny Lynch. It is high time.

MY friend Beachcomber often prints little extracts from daily sheets under the heading "Without Comment." Here is one from the *Times* that might qualify:

> Miss Ivy Harper, of the little parish of Middleton, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, claims that she is the youngest woman verger and sexton in England and the only woman gravedigger. Three generations of her family have held the office. Miss Harper, who is twenty-eight, is also responsible for all the cleaning and heating of the church, and tolls the bell every Sunday. Her workaday dress is a pair of navy serge trousers and a tight-fitting jacket. She says she finds this outfit best for climbing up and down the church steeple to wind up the clock, as well as for grave-digging. She gets 1s. a foot for digging a grave, and thinks it is money well-earned.



Youth Took a Bow at Last Week's "Foyle's Literary Luncheon" at Grosvenor House

Sarah Bowes-Lyon was among the young people who were chief guests at the Foyle's luncheon with the theme of "youth takes a bow." As well as speeches by this nineteen-year-old authoress, cousin of the Queen, and by other youthful celebrities, the sideshows included a parade of children of many nations

Sabu, in immaculate suiting and turban, was another guest. His speech was a model which many post-prandial speakers might follow: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to be here. I am not very good at making speeches. I hope you enjoyed your lunch. Thank you for coming"

Jean Nicoll illustrates a penalty of fame: just as you are putting a forkful in, flash goes the camera. She added the senior and junior table tennis titles to her junior tennis championship a month ago, said she hoped to play at Wimbledon

For the Public's Sake: Eating, Debating, Acting

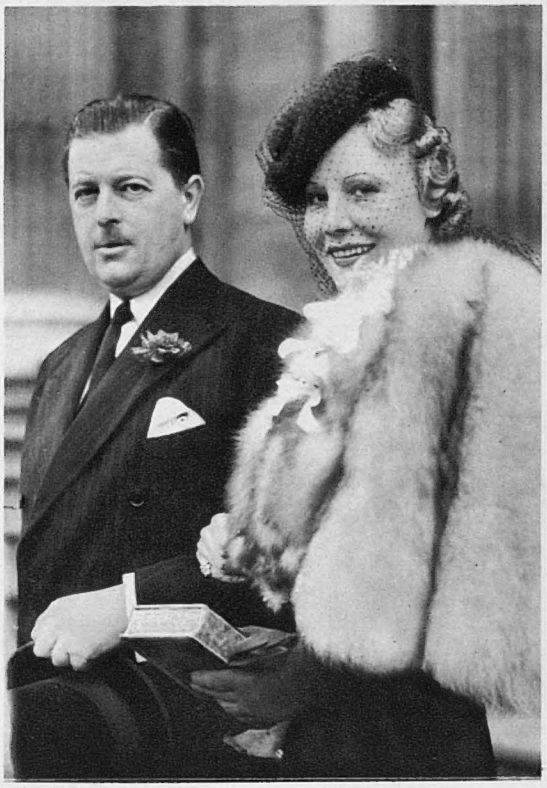
"Newspaper Columnists and their Victims"

Newspaper columnists and their victims were the opposed teams at Alexandra Palace for a televised jumble bee—a kind of visual spelling bee with objects replacing words. Lady Eleanor Smith, captain of the Victims, is on the left; this side of her are columnists Dennis Wheatley, William Hickey, Lord Donegall, Patrick Balfour

Charles Laughton with a New Star and a New Face

Progress continues on the film of Daphne du Maurier's novel, "Jamaica Inn," being made at Elstree by Charles Laughton's own company, the Mayflower. A vast set representing Falmouth in 1820 has been built, and on board the Phœbe are shown this pre-view of Maureen O'Hara, playing her first lead, and Laughton

THREE WEDDINGS



Major Pim and Miss Hedin

Major Cecil Pim, formerly of the Scots Guards, married, as his second wife, Helene Hedin, daughter of the late Swedish Consul-General in London, and Mrs. Ernst Hedin, of Stockholm. Their wedding was at the Marylebone Register Office

Viscount Gormanston and Miss Pamela Hanly

Lord Gormanston and Pamela Hanly, daughter of Captain E. D. Hanly, of 11, Warwick Square, S.W.1, and Lady Marjorie Heath, of Clanville Lodge, Andover, Hants., were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. He is the sixteenth Viscount and Premier Viscount of Ireland, succeeded in 1925, when he was eleven, owns Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath

Capt. Williams-Wynn

Captain Owen Watkin Williams-Wynn, the elder son of Colonel Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, of Plas-yn-Cefn, St. Asaph. Macbean is the daughter of Colonel Macbean, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Macbean. They were married

Social Register

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Mrs. David Balfour and Her Daughter

The Hon. David and Mrs. Balfour's daughter was born a month ago, and was photographed with her mother at 12, Ann Street, Edinburgh, where her parents live. Mrs. Balfour was Araminta Peel before she married Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son in 1936

John Smiley and Zandra Hambro: Page and Bridesmaid

Sir John Smiley, Mrs. Alec Hambro and her sister, Lady Smiley, were photographed with their children after the wedding of Mr. Ellert and Miss Penelope Chattock (see page B), at which John Smiley and Zandra Hambro were the bride's only attendants. Mrs. Ellert was bridesmaid to Mrs. Alec Hambro (Baba Beaton that was) when she married four years ago

HUNTING—TWO MEETS

Engaged Couple

Colonel Sir John Aird and his fiancée, Lady Priscilla Willoughby, were out with the Warwickshire at the Radway meet which followed the Brigade of Guards point-to-point from Pillerton Priors (see also pages 316-317). Their engagement was announced in the middle of February

and Miss Macbean

Wynn, Royal Artillery, is Robert and Lady Williams-Asaph, Wales. Margaret Jean the late Colonel William the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Scar- at Holy Trinity, Brompton

TWO COMMITTEE MEETINGS

A Ball for Debutantes

The Duchess of Grafton received the guests at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball committee meeting last week. With her was her debutante step-daughter, Lady Anne FitzRoy who will be a maid of honour at the Ball. It is one of the big events of the debutante season, is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and this year is on May 17th at Grosvenor House

A Ball for Ballet

Miss Sheelagh Griffith, Lady Milton, and Mrs. Joseph Mackle were at a meeting in Lady Moyne's house in Grosvenor Place for the Ballet Ball which is being held on March 27th at the Dorchester, in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial (Sadler's Wells Extension) Fund. Lady Milton is a joint-chairman of the ball with Mrs. Malcolm Sargent

MONTE CARLO GALA

The Earl and Countess of Durham

Lord and Lady Durham, who go regularly to the Riviera during the spring season, dined together at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo on a gala night when a dress show by a big French "house" was given. In another party were Lady Mount Temple and Mme. Everard Scheidius, the former, in azalea red satin, one of the smartest women in a room full of "best dresses"

Hostess

Lady Floyd acted as hostess for her father, Colonel John Gretton, at Stapleford Park, when the Cottesmore met there recently. With her are her niece and nephew, Sarah and Charles Brook. She is the wife of Sir Henry Floyd, and has two daughters of her own

Mrs. Brook and Miss Mellor

Mrs. "Teddy" Brook is the mother of the young pair with Lady Floyd (see left), and the younger daughter of Colonel John Gretton. Laughing with her at the Cottesmore meet at her father's house was Nan Mellor

Lady Mount Temple and Mme. Scheidius

Angus McBean

Ralph Richardson: Back to the Stage as Johnson

The homely person and agile talent of Ralph Richardson suits Priestley's stage down to the ground and not for the first time he co-operates with this author in *Johnson Over Jordan*. The play, which opened last Wednesday at the New Theatre, is pretty well a one-part piece, tackling the vast theme of the soul's journeyings after death: this part is Richardson's. In playing Johnson, he makes a welcome return to the stage from the films: his two latest pictures, *Q Planes* and *The Four Feathers*, are due for showing this spring

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

"The Doctor's Dilemma" (Westminster)

THE Westminster Theatre, which has probably housed during the present decade a higher percentage of interesting plays than any other theatre north of the Thames, is now offering a revival of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw pillories the medical and surgical professions, throwing in, as a sop to dramatic conflict, some considerations as to whether it is better to save the life of a decent fellow whose value to the world is precisely nil, or an out-and-out scallywag of an artist whose work has undoubted genius.

Sops, however, are seldom satisfying fare. As everybody knows, Mr. Shaw often mars his plays by making cracks for the multitude when he would do better to remain serious. Similarly, he often mars his plays by slapping in bits of arbitrary dramatic action when he would do better to go on talking. The "drama" of the Doctor's Dilemma—which life shall he save?—cuts seriously across the fundamental satire, since it requires us to believe that one of the doctors has discovered a definite cure for tuberculosis. To take this on faith when the whole vigorous trend of the piece is to shatter our belief in specialists and their cures becomes, in the atmosphere created, more than a little difficult. The playgoer's dilemma is almost as ticklish as the doctor's; but if he is wise, he will regard anything dramatic in the action as all my eye and Bernard Shaw, waiting as patiently as he can until the fun begins again.

Artist and blackguard (Stephen Haggard)

Specialists in conference with lay audience (Max Adrian, Stephen Murray, Hugh Miller)

NOTHING that is seriously emotional in this play is of the faintest interest. Jennifer Dubedat's distress over her husband's health, her anger against Sir Colenso Ridgeon for refusing to save him, her assumption of gorgeous raiment in lieu of widow's weeds ring hollow in every sentence. But the cant of Sir Bloomfield Bonnington over the corpse at a moment when comedy is commonly regarded by critics as bad taste rings true to comedy in every syllable—and how can one look for anything but comedy in a play that exhibits five specialists trooping, for no particular reason, down to Richmond, to sup with a "case" which presents no unusual medical interest and no financial interest at all; trooping round him again in his studio; assembling without fail for the death?—they seem to have very little else to do, nor does one complain of that so long as the piece remains a medical harlequinade.

But when it attempts to be anything else, one is thankful for the coffee at the Westminster, which, by the way, is not only cheaper, but better than that in any West End theatre.

A LITTLE more salt in the acting would not come amiss. There seemed to me to be no salt in Mr. Barry Jones, who played Sir Colenso, in Mr. Hugh Miller, who played the surgeon, or in Mr. Stephen Haggard, who played the artist. But Mr. Max Adrian as Sir Bloomfield gave us all the condiments—salt and pepper and oil and vinegar—a more exhilarating performance. Also a very fine Sir Patrick, the doctor of the old school, by Mr. Stephen Murray—if there should ever be another Carlyle play, he is the man.

Congratulations on becoming a widow from the doctor who made her one (Barry Jones)

Widow with exalted ideas (Ruth Lodge)

***A warm welcome** met the ex-President of Czechoslovakia and his wife in New York, both from Mayor Fiorello La Guardia (right) and from thousands who had greeted Dr. and Mme. Benes at the dock*

***One of fifteen** chinchilla coat-owners listed in America is Mrs. Jay O'Brien, here seen at the Pelican Club at Palm Beach with the Duchess of Sutherland. The Duke and Duchess went on from Florida to the Pacific in their yacht, which was so unfortunately wrecked last week off Santa Island*

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Migration

THE weather has been good for the 'flu epidemic, fur coats, winter sports, and southern travel. Business staffs have been crippled at least ten per cent. for some time, but the majority of the cases are light.

With probably the best snow conditions in three years, thousands are going north for the Lincoln's birthday week-end. All the resorts will be busy, but the high point is the annual carnival at Dartmouth College, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Many thousands have fled the city southwards, to Florida or on Caribbean cruises. At the Sherry-Netherlands, Princess Brinda of Kapurthala is spending a few days before going on to Palm Beach. She will return for the spring season in New York. Noted for her entertaining and her fabulous jewels, the Princess on her last visit made going-away gifts of precious stones, and we mean precious.

Chinchilla

THE lowly musk-rat is a valuable friend these days, but the town is more agitated over the search for chinchilla coats. *Harper's Bazaar* could discover only nine ladies with chinchilla photographs, eight of these Morocco shots by Jerome Zerbe. Deems Taylor, the composer, paraphrases the old line, "Good Americans when they die go to Paris," to "Good chinchillas when they die go to El Morocco."

The nine photographs are of Mrs. Jay O'Brien, Mrs. Frank C. Henderson, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. James W. Corrigan, Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh, Mrs. Allan Lehman, Lupe Velez, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and Mrs. Stephen Sanford. Lucius Beebe reports other distinguished possessors of this rare fur as Lily Pons, Mary Pickford, Mrs. Eric Loder, Mme. Frances Alda, and Mrs. Corliss Sullivan. To this list Dixie Tighe adds the name of Mrs. Wallace T. Orr, of the famed jewel collection.

The chinchilla is a modest little animal that likes its privacy in the mountain fastnesses of South America. The finest, the Imperial Peruvian, is practically extinct. One pelt may sell as high as $450, and it takes a hundred or more pelts to make a coat.

Pet

THERE may be only a baker's dozen chinchillas in the country, but there is probably only one gazelle.

This soft-eyed creature now romps over the estate of Ben Smith, famous Wall Street bear of other days, who gave his promise to President Roosevelt that he would not go short of the market while F.D.R. was in the White House. Legends spring up about this financier, whose feelings about President Hoover were very different. When the Bonus Army was camped in Washington, he called the White House, offering $50,000 to send the boys home. The offer was pointedly refused.

Flying across Persia, Mr. Smith's 'plane was forced down for refuelling in a little Arabian outpost. The gazelle was the pet of an Arab soldier, and it took three days and much skill to negotiate the purchase of the animal. On the way home the gazelle was lodged at the Hotel Crillon.

Metamorphosis

THE slender, beautiful Hamlet has become the fat and roistering Falstaff. The burden of the make-up and costume is so severe that Mr. Evans has had to limit the run of *Henry IV.*, although Margaret Webster's brilliant production makes one of the most delightful of Shakespearean evenings. The final battle scenes are superlative for vigour, excitement, and colour. The Prince Hal of Edmond O'Brien is excellent, while Wesley Addy as Hotspur is a romantic hero, the very flame of courage. He is what we dreamed as children about Richard the Lion-Hearted. Mr. Addy: please don't let Hollywood get you.

Maurice Evans, who even changes his voice completely and blots out all memory of his Richard and his Hamlet, becoming completely Jack Falstaff, a most delicious rascal, can have anything he wants in New York. There is a movement afoot to petition Congress never to allow him or Margaret Webster to leave these shores.

Luise Rainer has been on leave from Hollywood and in New York looking for a play. Now she has suddenly sailed for London, to appear in a show called *Spears Against Us*, by Cecil Roberts. Basil Dean is the producer and the play is expected here, after a London run.

Prosperity Note

A SCRAMBLE by 4500 women for fourteen jobs in the Health Department at $960 a year resulted in calling out police reserves. Women from co-eds to grandmothers stood in line all night in order to make an early application.

***Another of the fifteen** listed possessors of chinchilla coats is Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford. But she is down at Palm Beach now and wears shark-skin slacks, a navy cardigan, and palm-tree pontoon-heeled shoes*

Mayor Fiorello La Guardia welcomed former President Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia to New York. Two thousand persons met Dr. Benes and his wife as they walked down the gang-plank, and seventy-five police were necessary to hold back the crowd that came to cheer him at City Hall.

The country felt pretty sentimental on the President's birthday. Thousands of celebrations were held to raise funds for the victims of infantile paralysis. It seemed to mean something that the bands played "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," which is a pleasant song about a lucky-name coloured boy, from one of the current revues. Sentiment swung soon after to alarm about the sale of 'planes to France and to puzzlement about what the President really said to the Senate Affairs Military Committee. Did he say that America's frontier is in France, or what did he say? Anyway, it is clear that Mr. Roosevelt is in fighting mood these days and things are happening around Capitol Hill.

American Migration

American and English *spectators of tennis matches at the Everglades Club at Palm Beach were Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith, of New York, and Mrs. Philip Hill, of London. She and her husband, who is chairman of the company that owns the Covent Garden Opera House, among many others, generally cross the Atlantic during the early spring*

A family party *at Amado, Palm Beach villa of Charles Munn, of greyhound-racing fame, were Fernanda Munn, debutante daughter of Gurnee Munn, another Palm Beach villa-owner; Mary Munn, her cousin and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munn; Charlie Munn, Junior, and Peter Hare*

Out-door hair-cut *is a morning event at the O'Briens' villa, where Milton Holden—"Doc" to his friends each side of the Atlantic—was being trimmed by Toni, a great Palm Beach character who never remembers anyone's name and whose remarks can therefore be very entertaining and surprisingly pointed*

On the roof *of Villa Today (which belongs to Mrs. Charles Chadwick) was Gillian Hansard, daughter of novelist René Hansard, who lives at Mougins on the Riviera*

On Worth Avenue, *carrying her huge hat, was Mrs. John R. McLean, whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, owns the famous Hope diamond*

On the beach *of the Sun and Surf Club in a brief play-suit of the ubiquitous shark-skin was Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Kelley, third, one of the innumerable New Yorkers who flock down to Florida by train or aeroplane or yacht*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Would you hold on, please? I think your letter has just been filed for reference . . ."

La Tabouis, prophetess of *L'Œuvre* and Cassandra of the Age, has been ticked off by the Quai d'Orsay following a recent report by her of an alleged interview between the French Ambassador in Berlin and the German Foreign Minister, as "the originator of certain rumours which belong more to the realm of imagination than to serious journalism," which is rather a rap. Mme. Tabouis, riposting, points to four recent prophecies of hers which have come off, but personally we don't think this a very hot average for a lady who hears practically everything some time before it happens. Moreover, our one-time confidence in Madame was shaken badly when she published a recent historical survey in which Christopher Hollis coldly detected one obvious Fourth Form slip or bloomer in every other page almost, and we can't quite understand her vogue, except that everything Left is the intelligentsia's chouchou and that women political journalists are rare. Madame has a lot of advantages, naturally. In France you can print practically what you like without being slung in the cooler, and French politicians are less scared of—or possibly more cynically indifferent to—finding intimate "asides" in print than some people. Which is the bigger racket, French politics or ours, we 've never been able to decide. At least the French have few or no illusions about their big boys, whereas to read our smooth mellifluous Parliamentary gossips of the daily and Sunday papers you 'd think our own were each a cross between Bayard, Aristides, Solon, the Apollo Belvedere and the Admirable Crichton.

Having to keep so much under their hats makes our Lobby boys and political news-hounds go prematurely bald, wizened, and nuts. They make up for this severe discipline by their off-duty conversation, which is often hysterical and not infrequently obscene. The surprising mediocrity of public men and Leaders of Opinion is one of their favourite themes, though the boys aren't the first to marvel at it. If Mme. Roland could be amazed at the mediocrity of some of the giants of the Revolution who crowded her salon, what marks for intelligence, do you think, would she award some of our present little tinpots?

"I told the Archdruid at the time that the fellow was a jerry-builder"

Harbinger

A citizen named—believe it or not—Henry Cuckoo having appeared in the police-court news recently, we were reminded that it will soon be the moment for the editor of the *Times*, acting on reports from his scouts, to announce urbi et orbi that Spring may now officially begin. No cuckoo has yet been heard this year by a *Times* reader, though Mr. Eric Parker has reported seeing a female Red Admiral in his garden some days ago—a butterfly, not a Soviet naval girl, which would have been a far more interesting sight, in our degraded view. (A homely, flat, beaming Kalmuck pan . . . massive thighs in thigh-boots . . . a large peaked cap worn at the Beatty Angle, which no naval officer in any country dare discard nowadays for fear of being reported inefficient . . . a dumpy belted figure . . . a flood of near-Marxist rhetoric, possibly a sudden kiss on either cheek for Mr. Parker, very embarrassing . . .) It seems hardly worth the trouble to report the activities of butterflies, who have no status in Printing House Square, whereas the cuckoo ranks practically with Cabinet Ministers, their messages to the nation being of much the same kind. For this reason we should like to know what happened to a reprobate hayseed who, a year or so ago, was bragging in the Press that he had been fooling local *Times* readers for years with his clever cuckoo imitations. You may remember that—as in many other historic cases involving citizens who barge madly into State affairs—a mysterious, deathly silence followed. There was no public trial, nor was Habeas Corpus evoked. Lawyers we have questioned give us a peculiar compressed look and change the subject at once. It 's our belief that a great injustice has been done, that somewhere a British citizen whose crime deserved at the most a ten years' sentence is being punished as savagely as if he had actually pushed or struck a *Times* sub-editor, the twenty-year penal sentence for which carries with it a daily flogging on the soles of the feet.

It 's little use appealing to Cabinet Ministers, who have their *Times* obituary notices to think about, but we think the Privy Council should have the courage to examine this case.

Plot

Air-Raid-Warden A. G. Macdonell's plea in the Bystander the other day for steel helmets to protect the beans of himself and his colleagues from falling shell-splinters in air bombardments seemed to us rather disappointing and, to be frank, a bit sissy. We grant that falling splinters are not especially nice. Some screech, some croon a little cosy sinister lullaby, some whistle cheerily, some moan like sick Fitness Girls, some wail like banshees. All appear to zip viciously into the ground one-sixteenth of

(Concluded on page 296)

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Expound unto me, infidel. How wouldst thou solve the Palestine problem?"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 294)

an inch or less from your right ear. But there was plenty of time in 1914-15, before steel helmets were issued, to get used to them, and, if we may say so, wearing the ordinary soft hat bred a fine type, the kind of type we should all be pleased to see as A.R.P. wardens; as Macdonell, a fine type himself and a brilliant cyclist, would be the first to agree. We think he has probably been "got at" by a clique of A.R.P. rivals who are jealous of his reputation in Mayfair as an intrepid wheelman and would gladly see smart hostesses spurning his whistled invitations to ride round Grosvenor Square on the back-step. It has often been our duty to warn the fearless and popular old roadster that his position in the bicycle world has made him many enemies, and this steel-hat outcry seems to be an obvious plot against his reputation. Maybe he has realised by now that such a cunning appeal to his humanitarian instincts is but a trick. Maybe that proud collection of cycling medals, the finest in Europe, which covers one entire south wall of his stately apartments near Buckingham Palace has even now given him the clue to this Tartuffian business. Aha! They would, would they?

In our view the whole conspiracy is un-English to a degree. The instigators could have quietly got themselves iron bowlers, covered with felt to deceive the citizenry. By crying openly for steel helmets instead, they try to drag old Bayard Macdonell down with them into the irremediable whatdyoucallit of the irreparable thingumbob. It just won't do.

Barrage

SPEAKING of bombardments, Broadcasting House has been under heavy fire these last few days. The late-news-bulletin boys are accused of depriving the Island Race of its healing beddybyes by retailing horrific rumours, quashed next morning, from all over Europe. Numbers of Auntie *Times's* little readers, it seems, are so scared by this lullaby that they spend the night under the bed, chattering with nerves and clashing their massive dentures. But no sooner had these victims of B.B.C. sadism started in on the old Joybox than a battery of defenders rose up and returned their fire, alleging that if they wanted soothing-syrup from the news-bulletins the last thing at night they were dolts, ninnyhammers, and goosecaps. And in any case (added one of these defenders) there 's as yet no law against going to bed without switching on the radio, so what? We translate to some extent from the original Genteel or Timesese, which you mightn't understand.

This last seems to be the shot, the final coal-box, which blows up the magazine. There *is* no law in Great Britain (as yet) compelling you to listen to a B.B.C. offering. All that hopeless moaning and whining, all those protests, all those bitter complaints the radio critic boys retail day after day, are waste of energy. By devoting ten minutes to the study of the current day's programme you know exactly when to leave the odious machine silent or, if you want entertainment, to get some foreign station. This goes for the news-bulletins most of all. Why the devil should anybody except dopes and hopheads want "news" the last thing at night? Yet such is this dopey nerve-sick age that apparently even lighthousemen and shepherds and trawlers at sea can't exist without their nightly dose of poohbah. More fools they, is our quavering cry.

Blow

JOKES like that ancient one about the chap who said stiffly to the Guardee in mufti: "Look here, are you aware you 're wearing the colours of East Balham Temperance Ramblers?" are never in the best of taste, in our view. We trust that after what has happened to the Old Rugbeian Society (Presdt., the Archbishop of York) such jokes will disappear from decent society altogether, like jokes about cricket. For the O.R.S., which has long known and suffered, with a manly resignation Arnold of Rugby would have approved, the fact that Rondebosch (S. Africa) Diocesan College has a tie almost exactly resembling its own, has now discovered that Rondebosch has what the gossip boys call "a prior claim." This stroke is also being borne with fortitude and no steps are being taken to punish Colonial insolence. But undoubtedly the situation as regards old school and club ties is becoming disquieting, as haberdashers admit. Not only aren't there enough colours, but there aren't enough arrangements of colours to prevent clashing, as year by year British exclusiveness grows and fresh ties are required (even Soccer referees have their own tie now). Before long designers will have to employ heraldry on existing schemes, we guess. If, for example, you see a chap wearing an Old Etonian tie charged with a female leg enjambed and dancetty, *or*, you 'll know he 's a member of Runcorn Casino Club. A Zingari or Hawks tie charged with a machicolated shield bearing in the quarter fess on a field sable, a beetroot, *gules*, sanglant, and in the chief a codfish mourant, *argent*, regardant-parlant, will be the colours of the Mrs. Gowke's Vegetarian Betterment Rovers; and so forth. This system if uniformly adopted will not only express the legitimate aspirations of a free and democratic race, but will make it even more easy than it is at present for chaps to detect and cut chaps they couldn't possibly want to know.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I always say, as long as my feet are warm, the rest of me 's warm"

HORN OF PLENTY

"I LEFT the mate and went below Buck was still stretched but awake he felt wicked he said but I got him round with a dozen fresh oysters and a cooled bottle of Guinnesses. I feel better already he said laughing. Try another bottle you must be thirsty. I did so, after this he got up took a shower and felt he said ready for anything."

A. A. Horn, "TRADER HORN IN MADAGASCAR." (Cape, 1929.)

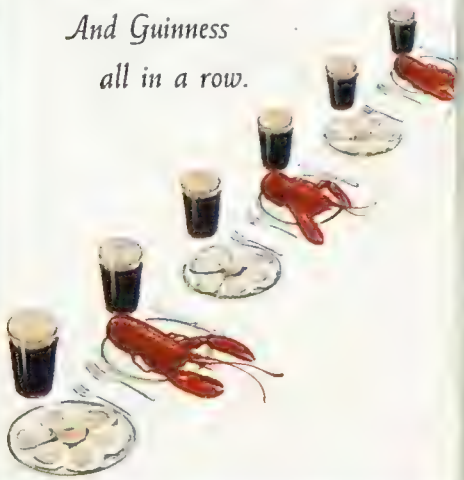
SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

From the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah (Nov. 21st, 1837) in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. Quoted in Monypenny's "LIFE OF DISRAELI," Vol. II.

G.E.857

Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guinness
all in a row.



NOTE FROM THE BEST—"CELLAR" BOOK

"The comeliest of black malts is, of course, that noble liquor called of Guinness."

George Saintsbury, "NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK." (Macmillan, 1920.)

NOTE ON THE PROFESSOR'S NOTE

Guinness is, "of course," not really black, as you can prove by holding a glass up to a strong light and observing the "ruby gleam"

A PAGE FROM A GUINNESS SCRAP-BOOK

"Bystander" Short Story No. 180

The Coat

By Morley Callaghan

Illustration by Tony Weare

IN the light from Molsen's grocery store young Packy Powers, the paperhanger's son, was showing a few of the fellows how he thought you should land a right cross to the jaw. "Lead at me with the left, only don't do it too fast," he invited Bill Stevens, who was three inches taller than he was. The light shone on Packy's earnest face as he tilted his head back, getting set. "Come on, what's the matter?" he said, and then he heard his mother calling from the other side of the street. "Packy, come here a minute," she called.

"Does your mother know you're out?" Bill Stevens mocked him as they all looked over at the neat, large-boned woman who was standing near the street light. "What do you want?" Packy called to her. But when he saw how serious she looked he crossed over.

"What is it, ma?" he asked.

"Come on to the store with me, son."

She couldn't get used to the notion that he had just about grown up; he was her eldest child and year after year she had been asking him to walk to the stores with her, especially in the evenings when his father was out on a job. "Look," Packy said, "I was just showing the guys something. Do you really want me to go?"

"Come on along, son," she coaxed him. "I'm buying something I want you to look at with me."

"What?"

"A new coat for myself."

"Wouldn't pop go with you?"

"He wouldn't look at it, you know he wouldn't," she said as she took his arm.

It was the feel of her hand on his arm, urgent and eager, that compelled him to go with her. As they went along the street, saying nothing more, she looked straight ahead, almost grimly. At first he thought she was watching the slippery places on the sidewalk where a light fall of snow hadn't yet had a chance to melt. But when they got as far as the corner and still she didn't speak, he knew she was uneasy. She seemed to have a secret she was sharing with him.

She strode up the avenue as if she knew exactly the store she was going to. They passed three or four coat and dress shops. They went on a block further till they came to Herrmant's, Coat and Fur Salon, a small bright store with a window display of coats, all tagged with red and white special sale cards. When they went in, the bald-headed Jewish proprietor bowed to them with a familiar and cajoling smile.

"Well, here we are," he said.

"I'm Mrs. Powers. Do you remember?" she said jerkily.

"Of course, of course," he said. "Is this your boy?"

He led them to a grey wicker seat, and when they sat together solemnly, watching the proprietor heading for a show case at the back of the store, Packy grew uneasy because he could see that his mother was nervous. Her hands clutched her purse; her body was held stiff: as the man came toward them carrying the coat she got up with a cracked, artificial smile. "I just wanted to take another look at it," she said. Packy wanted to nudge her, to beg her to be like herself. When his mother was shopping in the neighbourhood stores, or even uptown at the sales in the big stores, she was brisk, confident and dominating: no salesman ever had a chance to patronise her. But you could see now that she felt insecure and humble. The smiling, soothing, bald-headed man, holding the coat out to her, knew it, too. And Packy glared at him sullenly.

"Isn't it beautiful! I knew you'd admit it," the proprietor said. The coat was of dark brown cloth with light brown fur at the cuffs and it had a thick fur collar. But it was the way he spread it out over his arm with a gorgeous sweep that made it look so beautiful to them.

Then he helped Mrs. Powers take off her plain blue coat and tossed it over the back of the chair. In her best dress, her arms stiff at her sides, she waited, deadly serious. The new coat was slipped over her shoulders. The proprietor made a few lovely fancy motions with his hands around the collar, then stepped back suddenly and beamed. "There—now, there," he said.

As she turned to Packy, fingering the coat as if she couldn't get used to the hang of it on her shoulders, she had that cracked artificial smile, but there was wonderful eagerness in her eyes. "How do you like it, son?" she asked.

She began to walk up and down in front of the mirrors, swinging her body like a girl and holding the fur collar high up over one side of her face like a swell-looking woman in a magazine picture; and as Packy watched her, wondering and puzzled, he suddenly realised that this was the first time he had ever seen his mother in a fine store coat. He had known that she made her own winter coats. Many a night in the fall when he had come in from playing on the streets, he had seen her sitting at the table in the living-room stitching on a coat and sometimes taking her glasses off and rubbing the tips of her fingers over her eyelids. She had often asked him how a coat was going to look. But now he saw that those things she had made, compared with this beautiful brown coat, were hardly more

(Concluded on page 310)

"How do you like it, Jim?" she asked

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Edward Marsh at Home in Gray's Inn

It was Sir Edward Marsh's love of the theatre that first made him known by sight and by name to hundreds of people who could have told you nothing more of this son of a professor, classical scholar and Private Secretary to seven Secretaries of State than that he was always at first nights. Among his friends too this enthusiasm is almost proverbial: Arnold Bennett once said "Hang Eddie Marsh! He 's a miserable fellow—he enjoys everything." This is an Agate story which Sir Edward re-tells in his brilliantly entertaining reminiscences, *A Number of People*, which have been appearing in the *Sunday Times*, and will be published jointly by Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton on the 20th. For the past thirty years or so, he has known "everybody" in a number of worlds—social, political, theatrical, artistic—in each of which his wit and culture and talent for friendship have made him a unique place. He is a Governor of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, a Trustee of the Tate Gallery, and himself owns an excellent collection of modern paintings which hang in his lovely old rooms in Gray's Inn

Debutantes of 1939

The Hon. Valerie Canning is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Garvagh, of Ashby Hall, Lincoln, and god-daughter of the Earl of Harewood. She is nineteen, has been at school in Italy, is now learning dress-designing in London, and is designing her own dress for her presentation at Court, likes tennis and ski-ing. She has two brothers at Eton, and her sister is three years her junior. Her parents gave a ball for her in December

Laura Grenfell is the youngest of the four daughters of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, of 37, Chesham Place, S.W.1, and Nannau, Dolgelly, Wales. She has been out to Sestrières for winter sports. Is being presented by her mother, who is the daughter of the late Sir Neville Lyttelton. Her sisters are Countess Waldegrave, Mrs. Patrick Lort-Phillips and Mrs. Patrick Campbell Preston, to whom she was bridesmaid at her wedding last December

The Hon. Cecily Berry is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Lord Buckland and of Lady Buckland, of Woolton House, Newbury, Berks. She comes back soon to London from Florence. Her mother will present her and is giving a dance for her at Claridge's in June. She is eighteen this year. Her two elder sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte and the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones. Her father was elder brother to Lord Camrose and Lord Kemsley

Ursula Wyndham-Quin is the eldest of the three daughters of Commander the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, of 16, Somers Crescent, W.2, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl. She is another of this year's eighteen-year-olds, will be presented by her mother at an early Court. She hunts in the winter with the Cattistock and the Limerick, calls her golden cocker Tunny

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Valerie Canning

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin

Fayer

Miss Rhona Wood

Rhona Wood is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund W. H. Wood, of 57, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and grand-daughter of Sir John and the Hon. Lady Wood, of Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. She is being presented by her mother, is having a joint dance with Eve Bannerman in June, likes shooting and riding. Her father was M.P. for a Cheshire Division from 1924 to 1929, represents St. George's, Westminster, on the L.C.C., and is chairman of the London Municipal Society

Pearl Freeman

Miss Laura Grenfell

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Cecily Berry

Fayer

Miss Philippa Cary

Philippa Cary is the only child of the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Cary, of 7, Sloane Street, W.1, and a niece of Viscount Falkland. She is one of the youngest debutantes, as she is only seventeen this year. Her father was Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms from 1919 to 1923 and from then to 1932 York Herald. Her mother is the only daughter of Sir George Leon, Bt.

Catherine Bell

Miss Eve Bannerman

Eve Bannerman is another only child, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Bannerman, and Joan Lady Bannerman, of 8, Markham Square, S.W.3. Her chief interests are travelling and winter sports. Her mother is giving a joint dance with Mrs. Edmund Wood on June 28 for her and Rhona Wood. Her father, the eleventh Baronet, who died in 1934, was succeeded by his kinsman, Lt.-Col. Sir Arthur Bannerman, Extra Gentleman Usher to the King

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Anne Mackail

Anne Mackail is the younger daughter of novelist Denis Mackail and Mrs. Mackail, of 107, Old Church Street, S.W.3. She has just come back from Paris, brings with her into her debutante life a liking for music, reading, animals. Her mother, who is Sir Guy and the Hon. Lady Granet's daughter, will present her. Her father's latest was "Morning, Noon, and Night," published last summer

"Snow Holiday" II.

The Col de Voza

Where Winter Sports Last Half the Year

Evening: outside the doorway of the Nouvelle Hotel in Voza are the tired skis of the apéritif drinkers inside; the ice-cream mountain is Mont Joly, 8284 feet high

Morning: happy because of the fun to come, the long run down in which she will probably beat her father

Voza-Prarion—its hyphenated adjunct is the name of the peak on whose shoulder it lies—is a small resort above the Arve Valley. . . . Small, but popular, for its 5430 feet give a guarantee of good conditions from November to April, and give access to some of the finest fields in the Mont Blanc region; that bluff-nosed mountain is hidden behind the peak in the background of the picture opposite. There are only three hotels at Voza, only one big one; but the day's population is bigger than the night's, for ski-ers come up in droves by the téléfériques from Chamonix and St. Gervais. There is a ski-jump, a ski-lift, a ski-school, the usual rink at Voza

Norman Parkinson

Monsieur Edouard Bourdet, *the Director-General of the Comédie-Française, finishes his working-day at midnight, wheels his bicycle out of the door marked "Administration" into the Rue Richelieu, has a twelve-minute ride over and along the banks of the Seine to his home on the Quai d'Orsay. The C.-F. owes a great deal to Bourdet, whose reforms have infused new life into the old repertory, while conserving the company's great traditions*

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, *surnamed Molière, is the most revered of the C.-F.'s household gods, and the theatre boasts many Molière relics. This chair, beneath the bust of the actor-manager-dramatist by Houdon, is the one in which he died when playing "Le Malade Imaginaire"*

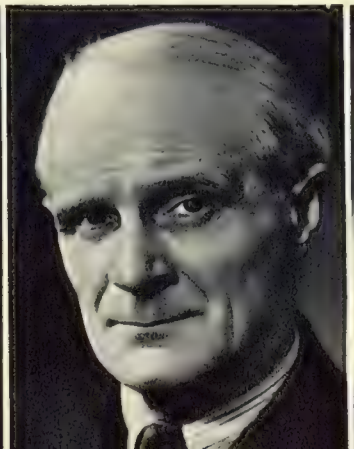
Louis Jouvet, *known to discriminating film audiences in this country as a portrayer of cold and sinister modern types, is one of the C.-F.'s most famous actors and producers; here he talks with Bourdet during a rehearsal*

'La Française' Comes to Town

The Comédie-Française opened its first official visit to a London theatre for sixty years with Molière's *L'Ecole des Maris* and de Musset's *Le Chandelier*, given at the Savoy Theatre last night. The double bill will be repeated this afternoon and evening, and at a gala performance to-morrow night before the King and Queen. On Friday and Saturday (twice) will be given de Musset's *A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles* and Regnard's *Le Légataire Universel.* France, enviable for many of her institutions, is not least so for this great repertory company, the best-known and the best run in the world. Established by Louis XIV. and a direct successor to Molière's company, the Comédie-Française is surrounded by 250 years of tradition, yet to-day is young and vigorous, thanks to the remarkable self-governing constitution and the reforms of the present director-general. The wealthy intelligentsia who seek to found a national theatre here, who have so far allowed the Alhambra, Daly's, the Prince Edward and the Lyceum to perish while negotiating a site two miles from theatreland, will do well to study "La Française"

André Brunot, *doyen of the company, plays Maître André in "Le Chandelier"*

Denis d'Inès; *Ariste in "L'Ecole des Maris," Duc Laerte in ". . . Jeunes Filles"*



Lafon *plays the celebrated part of Sgarnarelle in "L'Ecole des Maris"*

***In the council chamber** is a case of more relics from the company's 250 years of life. The watch and bonnet were Molière's, the shoe was Rachel's; in the box on the right is Talma's heart*

***During a répétition-général** a variety of costumes mingle in the bar: modern evening dress, ancient Romans of a Corneille classic, seventeenth-century French of a de Musset romantic*

***Madeleine Renaud, Béatrice Bretty and Catherine Fonteney** are sociétaires of the C.-F., as are the eight actors at the bottom of the page. They are permanent salaried members of the company, sharing receipts, voting on policy, electing new sociétaires from the pensionnaires—temporarily engaged players. The average age of C.-F. actresses has been much reduced by Bourdet*

***A second Empire** play finishes and the cast takes a call. Most of the best writers of the best French periods from Corneille to Giraudoux are represented in the repertoire; but a rule precludes plays until ten years old unless first performed by the company*

***Fernand Ledoux** plays Geronte in Regnard's "Le Légataire Universel"*

***Pierre Bertin**; Landry in "Le Chandelier," Irus in de Musset's ". . . Jeunes Filles"*

***Jean Weber**; Valère in "L'Ecole des Maris," Eraste in "Le Légataire Universel"*

***Pierre Dux** produces and plays Crispin in the classic "Le Légataire Universel"*

***Maurice Escande** plays Clavaroche in "Le Chandelier"*

Films of the Day

Men Who Perished in Machines

By George Campbell

ARE you continually being surprised by your own ignorance? I am. I have just discovered, for instance, that during the reign of Catherine the Great—*not* in the early nineteenth century, as the programme note informs us, for the lady died in 1796—there was a puppet-maker named Baron Kempelen who played a fantastic part in a chapter of Russian history.

He was a witness of Catherine's successful attempt to crush Poland; and it happened that Boleslas, one of the Polish rebel leaders, was in love with Sonia, the baron's ward. When the insurrection failed, and the Empress's bloodhounds were on the young man's track, Kempelen had an inspiration. He had been commanded to send his new mechanical chess-player to the Empress. He would hide the hunted man—happily a brilliant chess-player—inside the puppet, and let the Empress's soldiers escort him all the way to St. Petersburg.

JUST in case the story of *Le Joueur d'Echecs* is as new to you as it is to me, I will not reveal what happens at the Court. It is enough that the drama reaches a climax as bizarre as any of Poe's. And yet it leaves you cold. It could have been moving, if the director had taken the trouble to induce interest in the fate of the fugitive, or humanise the baron, dining with a lifelike effigy of his dead wife at the table, and toying always with his puppets and thoughts of death. As it is, though Conrad Veidt plays him with immense distinction, the creature remains outside real life, like one of his own creations, and the end of the picture becomes merely grotesque where it should also be poignant. Françoise Rosay, who will be remembered by English audiences for *La Kermesse Héroïque* and *Un Carnet de Bal*, gives a full-blooded study of Catherine in all her easy good nature, callous brutality and cold lasciviousness. It seems the story of Kempelen and his fantastic end has been twice filmed before—once in Russia by Pudovkin, and again in France in 1926 by Raymond Bernard, with Pierre Blanchar as Kempelen.

CURIOUS how much more moving male comradeship often is on the screen than what is commonly called Romance. If I were a producer I think I should exploit it in every film and save a lot of expense and headaches with leading ladies. Look at *Beau Geste*, *Bengal Lancer*, *Lost Patrol*, and a dozen other action pictures of the kind, of which *The Dawn Patrol* is the latest, and perhaps the finest.

The Dawn Patrol was written by an American, John Monk Saunders, and produced in Hollywood; and yet nothing more typical of the British character at its best has ever appeared on the screen. The entire action takes place at a little air-field in France during the Great War. We meet the commanding officer (Basil Rathbone) as frazzled as Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End* by the frightful responsibility of sending a steady succession of half-trained boys to their death; his gallant flight-leader (Errol Flynn), irritating him to the point of madness by the contemptuous gleam in his eye when ordered to take up another half-dozen victims, the curl of his lip as he says "Right!"; Scott, the flight-leader's best friend, a happy-go-lucky veteran of a hundred flights, fearless for himself but terrified when his eighteen-year-old brother arrives and is ordered up to almost certain death with the dawn patrol; and a constant procession of replacements.

DAY after day the patrol sets out, seven machines in all; day after day the commanding officer leaps to his feet and ticks off on his fingers the 'planes he hears coming back. Four, perhaps; or three; once, only two. And just as his nerves are at breaking-point he gets a job on the staff, and the flight-leader who used to despise him for not standing up to headquarters has to take his place, and send the same endless stream of raw recruits to their death until he, too, takes to whisky to deaden pain, and his best friend slaps his face for a butcher when his young brother is ordered up with the others and is shot down.

Finally, the new O.C. undertakes a suicidal bombing flight himself and does not come back, and we end with Scott in command, no longer gay and irresponsible. He, too, now understands what it is to be the mouthpiece of an impersonal, inhuman machine engaged in the butchery of war.

The air sequences are up to the best Hollywood level, the bombing effects (though doubtless all achieved with miniatures) are tremendously impressive, and the acting is magnificent throughout. Basil Rathbone, as the first O.C., suggests tortured nerves without hysteria; Errol Flynn and David Niven (a very much better actor than most people realise) are perfect as the flight-leader and his friend Scott; Donald Crisp plays a sympathetic role with subtle charm; and Carl Esmond gives a clever portrait of a captive German airman. Altogether a most moving picture, made with a rare skill and integrity. Edmund Goulding, an Englishman, directed.

NONE of the other new films calls for much comment. *Kentucky* is a commonplace tale of feuds and racing in the Bluegrass country, very slickly made; *The Outsider* is a sound re-make of the silent success, with Mary Maguire, as the crippled girl, and George Sanders, as the gifted quack who cures her when Harley Street says it is impossible; and *The Gladiator* is a farce about college football, for Joe E. Brown fans only.

"The Dawn Patrol"

Warner Bros. have made a fine film out of the grim theme of life and death in the wartime Royal Flying Corps, with an English director and an English cast, with little plot and no heroine. David Niven, Errol Flynn, Donald Crisp, and (not here) Basil Rathbone are the backbone of the show. At the Warner

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland, and each as it matures and mellows develops some special quality that you would enjoy. But in Johnnie Walker you enjoy them all at once; for Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of all the finest whiskies in Scotland.

A note from the course –

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

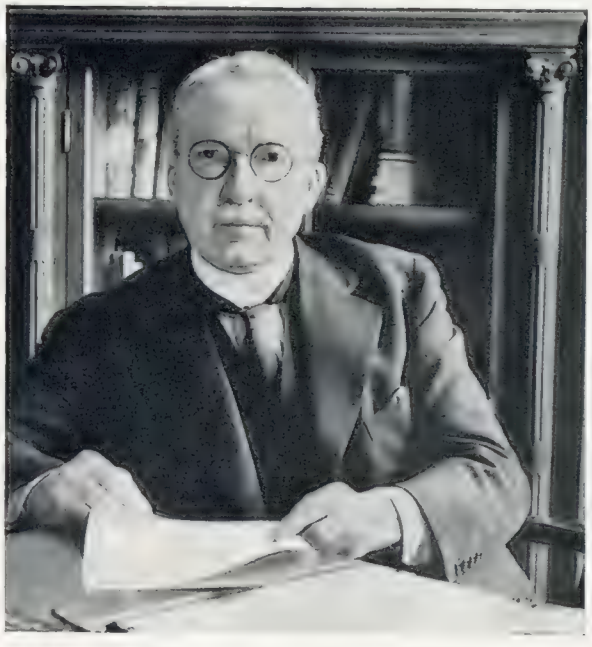
Ourselves and the Whigs

By V. S. Pritchett

If history does not repeat itself, there is pleasure in thinking that it does, and that, no doubt, is why the maxim was invented. The story of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, his wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Byron, when completely illuminated by a biographer as sensitive to moral issues as Lord David Cecil is in *The Young Melbourne* (Constable; 10*s.*), gives one this kind of pleasure. What flattering suggestions of resemblance there are between ourselves at the end of the liberal century and the Whigs at the end of theirs! Of course, aristocracy has given place to plutocracy. But the Melbourne whose motto as Prime Minister was: "Why not leave it alone?", seems no stranger to to-day's appeasement; and we have had our Julian Bells and John Cornfords to play the Byron, though more austerely, in foreign politics. We do not speak of Byron's demon, but is it less romantic to speak of his complexes? And if the Lady Caroline Lambs of to-day do not write witch-haunted melodramas like *Glenarvon* about their fatal passions, they do, with equal instinct for self-dramatisation, invoke the hagiography of Freud. As for morals, we are tolerant at last—though this, according to the crude designs of nature, may be decadence—we feel little contempt or disapproval of the complaisant husband. William Lamb talking it over with Byron might merely have read his Bertrand Russell. Lord David Cecil's picture of the Melbourne young might be any family of the cultivated upper class of our time.

But why, with his great gifts and his huge social advantages, was the young Melbourne ineffectual for the first forty-odd years of his life and merely estimable when later he came to power? The clue lies partly, but not entirely, in his conduct in his purgatorial marriage. He was a divided man. A strain of idealism split the eupeptic Melbourne nature, and his scepticism neutralised it. He was paralysed not only by the amateurishness of the aristocrat, but by a detachment which was not all honesty, but part refuge. For, as Lord David Cecil points out, Melbourne might doubt everything, including the value of virtue, but not the value of being a gentleman. His scepticism was a commentary, not a land-mine. Of church-going, he once said to a bishop that once was orthodox, but twice puritanical.

Melbourne is remembered for being the perfect political nursemaid to Queen Victoria. This, one feels, was exactly the poetic justice for which his marriage had trained him. How did he endure that marriage? Sensibility or indifference? Patience or will-lessness? Unreasonable love, dread of facing the horrible wilderness behind the facts; or the peculiar cruelty of kindness? Lady Caroline had awakened that streak of idealism; as we would say, he was entangled by the child in the woman; she perverted his idealism. Yet there was a stab of justice in her novel when she drew herself as an innocent girl corrupted by the civilised scepticism of her husband. She became, indeed, something of the cynic in conduct, despite the stagey camouflage, and he the idealist; they were yet another example of how in marriage a couple will tend to borrow characteristics.



Master of Five Million Words

J. E. Mansion, a director of the publishing firm of Harrap, has just completed the compilation of a vast English-French-French-English dictionary containing over 5,000,000 words. Mr. Mansion has worked at this for over twenty years. He was head of the Modern Languages department at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, when the late George Harrap suggested to him that he should turn lexicographer

Lord David Cecil's book is by far the most polished, searching and evocative study of the Regency we have had; not as spirited as Mr. Michael Sadleir's, but spacious and soothing in the examination. He has a manner and, in fact, a cadence; but these are fitting, and his sense of the period is lively and commanding.

The setting of M. Edwin Ramseyer's *Airmen Over the Suburb* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the suburb of Argenteuil, where, with a blessed economy which makes nearly any French novel more readable than any English one, he describes the amiable domestic follies of a group of people who say: "There won't be a war. No one would bomb *us*." But won't there, and wouldn't they? M. Ramseyer thereupon draws a nasty picture. This is good fear-fulfilment writing.

In *Impromptu in Moribundia* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Patrick Hamilton has a modest but amusing brainwave. He discovers a country where people speak in the clichés, blurbs, slogans and the words of advertising copy. Indeed, their very bodies are those of the posters. Henry Newbolt's "Play up! Play up! And play the game!" is a commonplace in the speech of the heroic Moribundians, bus conductors are straight Bairnsfather, girls have the schoolgirl complexion and say: "As it happens, these Siljoy stockings are a genuine economy, too"; the working classes "aren't interested in politics," but "of course like a little grumble," while their betters love worry and sleepless responsibility. There are some good jokes.

"In Praise of Life," by Walter Schroenstedt (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is yet another novel about the 1914-1933 period in Germany, with the advantage that the now overtrodden and wordy path is taken this time by a child. The child is half-starved, works on farms in East Prussia, sees political murders. A thin, touching piece of writing.

In *Glory Dead* (Michael Joseph; 15*s.*) Mr. Arthur Calder Marshall has tried to do for Trinidad what the film *Berlin* did for the capital of Germany—to catch, by dozens of brief, imaginative shots, what goes on in Port of Spain from the small hours when the tropical rain or the police squads drive the sleepers off the streets, round the full circle of the day in the lives of the extraordinary mixed population. To this vivid, picaresque substitute for the usual scenic raptures of books of travel he adds a lively, prejudiced, outspoken investigation of social and housing conditions on the island, and, since we obviously haven't seen the end of the trouble in the West Indies, this is valuable. Economics and politics, handled with the novelist's eye for things and people, are excellent revivers of the literature of travel. He harangued meetings, as well as inspected buildings, came to the rescue of a Devil's Island convict, and went a flop on the colour question when he tried to produce a left-wing play with a mixed cast. The major criticism of the book is that the politics are emotionally simplified and that, although Trinidad is largely an agricultural island, his view of it is mainly urban.

For the library list:

Escape from Freedom. By Richard Ullman. (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Silver Swan. By John Clayton. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Uncle Arthur. By John Pudney. (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Despair and Delight. By Ralph Arnold. (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Coat *(Continued from page 298)*

than strips of cloth to wrap around her and keep her warm.

"Why, gee, mom, it's swell," he whispered.

"Do you really like it, son? I want you to take a good look at it." Again she walked up and down in front of those mirrors, pretending to be just looking at herself, but Packy knew she was trying to settle some problem for herself. Turning, she said: "Will I take it, Packy?" She was looking right into his eyes, wanting very much that he should urge her to take it. "Sure, take it," he said. They kept on looking at each other till he smiled suddenly.

"All right, I'll take it," she said.

"Why, there's nothing else to do, lady," the proprietor said, his arms wide.

"Now, where's my purse?" she said, though she had been holding it tight in her hand all the time. Opening the purse she took out a very old and shiny bill-fold. She counted out thirty-two dollars slowly as if she didn't know accurately how much was in the roll, although she, herself, Packy, and the smiling salesman knew there wouldn't be a dollar more than the thirty-two there. "Is that right?" she said.

"Exactly. Are you going to wear the coat?"

"Well——" she said, startled and holding the coat open. "If it started snowing again——"

"Not to-night, lady. Look out at that light on the street."

The three of them went to the window and looked out. "See, what did I tell you?" the proprietor said.

"Come on, wear it, mom," Packy urged her.

Just a moment longer she hesitated. "All right," she said firmly. "I'll wear it. Put my old coat in a box, please."

And then they started on the way home with Packy carrying the old coat while she walked very straight beside him, holding his arm. It seemed to him that she held her head a little differently: it seemed to him that an elderly man and a fat woman passing by turned and looked at them. "If only your father likes it—if only he doesn't say anything," she said. They began to share a strange sense of guilt and expectation. But it was hard for Packy to keep on thinking of his father, for when they were passing the bunch of boys in front of Molsen's store they all gaped at his mother. And he felt very proud. All these neighbourhood boys came from poor families: their mothers and even their sisters rarely got a coat like the one Mrs. Powers was wearing. They opened up and made a little path for her and Packy on the side-walk. "Good night, Mrs. Powers, hello, Mrs. Powers," they said. Their voices sounded respectful and wondering. And suddenly to Packy this path through the group of boys became a magical intimation of a new dignity and importance for his family and him in the neighbourhood.

But when they were on the stoop of their own place his mother said, "Maybe your father won't say anything. Maybe he'll like it."

"You'll knock his eye out. Just wait."

"I don't know," she said. Her hand was trembling as she fumbled with the key in the lock. She let Packy go on ahead of her to the living-room. He looked around, his eyes bright, a big grin on his face. His two young sisters were playing checkers at the little table by the window. And in the corner, in the old worn, overstuffed chair, his father was sitting reading the paper, his grey hair and his glasses showing above the edge of the open newspaper.

"Where's your mother, Packy?" his father said, putting down the paper. He had the face of a man who was not quite beaten, but who hardly ever dared to think that anything could happen to enrich their lives.

"She's here. I was down to the store——" Packy began.

"I'm here," she called from the hall. But she did not come in at once. This made them all turn and look at the hall door. Then she came in slowly, that uneasy, nervous yet lovely smile on her face making her look like a shy girl. She came right into the room, making the coat sway a little as she had done before the mirrors in the store, and the little room, the only kind of a room Packy had ever known, which had seemed mean and unimportant when he first came in, seemed suddenly to brighten.

But his father got up slowly, the paper gripped tight in one hand, the blood all gone from his face.

"How do you like it, Jim?" she asked.

"You—you bought it?" he said, staring at her.

"Yes."

"What with?"

"I saved for it."

Suddenly he threw the paper at the chair. "You must be crazy," he shouted. And he suddenly rushed out of the room. While the mother and children stared at each other they heard him sitting down at the end of the kitchen table. The two little girls looked at their mother miserably and rushed over to her, ready to cry.

"Never mind, mom," Packy said to her, when she looked at him with the desperate eagerness still in her eyes.

She couldn't give up easily, and she walked through to the kitchen with Packy and the two girls following.

Their father was sitting at the table with his arms folded across his chest. One of his fingers was rubbing his silver sleeve-band; and he was staring at the floor.

"Don't you want me to keep it?" she said gently.

"I think you must be out of your head, woman," he shouted.

"Jim," she said quietly. "I haven't had a coat for thirteen years."

"You've been nursing this idea along?"

"Yes."

"And what'll people think of us with you going around with a coat like that?"

"I don't care."

"What'll they think of me? Where'll they think I get the money to buy a coat like that," he shouted. He actually seemed to be frightened: he frightened them all: he had been poor so long he was scared people would even think he had some money.

"Jim, year after year I've made my own coats. I've worn them and said nothing, though there have been times when I wished I'd never learned to sew. But I've always hoped I'd some day be able to buy a coat. I've saved a bit of money here and there—money I should have spent on myself and didn't—you've never missed it. You'd never have been able to manage at all on what we've had to go on if I hadn't done it for you. But I wanted a coat like other women," she said. She could not go further. Year after year she had nursed this dream along. "All right," she said. "That's the end of it." Her eyes were dead now. Slipping the coat off she let it sag over the back of a kitchen chair, and they all looked at it silently as if it were something shameful and profligate, a betrayal of their family.

"There it is," she said.

"What'll I do with it? Don't leave it there."

"Take it back—I don't care," she said. But her eyes were full of tears and she couldn't help looking again at the brown folds of the coat. Then she turned: she brushed past the children with her long stride: they heard her going into the bedroom: they heard her throwing herself on the bed.

And yet the father and the children kept on staring at the coat.

"You got it wrong, pop," Packy said, timidly.

"Got what wrong?" he asked, harshly.

"About how it looks to people. Why, gee, coming along the street—the kids at the corner——"

"Shut up," his father said, his chin cupped in his hand, his elbow on the table.

Breathlessly Packy and the children waited, for their father never moved. They began to grow scared of the silence. After a long time he sighed. Packy didn't know what his father was actually thinking, yet he felt somehow it had to do with their lives together, maybe it was about things he had thought at one time they were all going to have, and it had to do with their mother's dream of having some day a fine store coat.

At last he turned slowly, staring earnestly into each one of their faces and scaring them more. And then as he sighed he looked puzzled.

He got up and picked up the coat and looked at it. "Mary, Mary," he called to his wife.

When she didn't come he turned to Packy, fumbling a little, almost humble. "Take the coat to your mother, son," he said. As Packy took the coat his father's voice suddenly seemed to grow terribly urgent. "I want her to keep it. We all want her to keep it," he said. He seemed to be telling them to remember that with the coat in the house things could happen, things could change. "Didn't she look mighty nice coming in the door, didn't she?" he said.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

SPRING called. The soft green of the dress and jacket was irresistible. She wore it. One can understand, for the outfit could never be overlooked, especially on a sunny morning like one on which the photograph was taken. The material is a soft angora, which makes a two-piece of great versatility, and one that looks well in country surroundings. The simple frock has a skirt composed of many small gores, which gives the new fullness. The bodice is slightly full, and a narrow belt with pin-tucking makes an attractive trimming. The jacket is classic in cut, with a link button and a slight basque. The delicacy of the colour—a pale green which for sheer freshness rivals any spring flower—and the softness of the angora fabric make a charming combination. The suit comes from the new collection in the Two-Piece Speciality department at Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, where suits for every possible occasion can be found

Clothes to Help Your Handicap

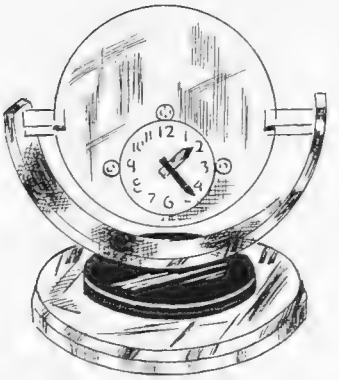
Serious practice for the Spring Meeting, or just a friendly game? These sunny mornings, when you can look down the fairway and see the dew sparkling, foster a desire for newer smarter golf clothes in the most single-minded players. Spring is the season for new clothes after all, so why not new golf clothes? And a brand-new handicap to match!

Scott Bushe

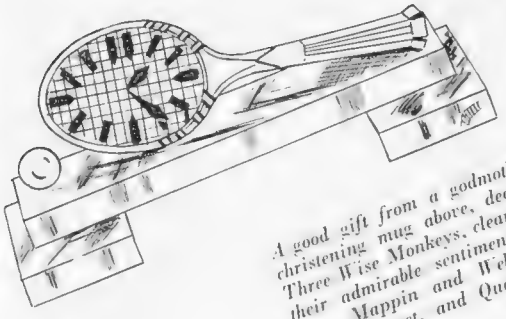
GOLF, more than any other game, is one demanding a steady hand and a cool head. Self-confidence is half the battle, as the professionals say. But that frightening, unrehearsed first-tee drive can be infinitely less frightening if one's clothes are unassailable; there is always then the comforting thought: "Well—I may slice, but I look good." At Lillywhite's (Regent Street and Knightsbridge) you can muster both clothes and self-confidence. Their golf outfits are always practical, but always unusual. If you are gifted with long legs and slim hips, Lillywhite's offer "longs," flatteringly cut and costing 39/6. In the larger picture they are worn with a striped jersey-blazer, price £2 2s. It is collarless, with a belted back and capacious pockets. As an alternative, there is the gay plaid wind-breaker shown in the small picture. It is slightly proofed—shower-proof—and has neck and cuff ribbing of wool and "Lastex" yarn. The more conventional—and they certainly constitute the majority—prefer a skirt for golf. The one on the left is pleated, with plain panels at front, back, and sides. It is lovely in action. See it in striped flannel, three shades of grey and green. With it a heavy green cardigan, 39/6

The Bystander Turns in search of novelties

DISCOVERED BY PETA PICTURED BY PAM



The kind of clock that should stand in the hall, for a last "confidence-giving" look before you go out. A large circular looking-glass to assure you that you look lovely, and a small clock to tell you that you won't be late. £5 15s. 6d., from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street



A good gift from a godmother; the silver christening mug above, decorated with the Three Wise Monkeys, clearly demonstrating their admirable sentiments. £3 17s. 6d., from Mappin and Webb, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Queen Victoria Street

To sail the uncharted wastes of the dining-table and beguile the guests. A glass yacht from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, with glass flowers twining gracefully up the mast and over the sails. 29/6 and upwards, according to the size of the boat

"Men's Singles, First Prize, presented by . . ." Here's a chance to combine originality with your prize-giving generosity. The tennis racquet clock costs £5 10s., and has a place for the inscription in front

The fob watch shown below hangs by the Air Force ribbon from a brooch in the shape of the "Wings." It costs £2 15s., from Mappin and Webb, who can provide similar watches with the ribbon and badge of any unit

A lovely dining-table centrepiece from Marshall and Snelgrove—this graceful and exotic tree, with silver branches, misty blue leaves, and transparent berries. It should be flanked with candles in glass "petal" holders, which make it look particularly lovely

Gardener's Chronicle

An Alpine House

By R. C. Jenkinson

Blanche Henrey

***Narcissus cyclamineus** is one of the most graceful of the dwarf daffodils which can be grown in an alpine house. About six inches high, its petals reflexed straight backwards give it an odd air of timid astonishment*

Treatment

A WELCOME change in weather has made a garden feel, if it doesn't yet look, spring-like. It isn't one's imagination that makes such early growers as Ribes, Viburnum fragrans and many another show the green tip of bursting leaf buds.

While one can at least make up for work held up during January, the pleasantest way to see and enjoy early spring flowers is to have an unheated house in which one can grow early flowering bulbs and various alpine plants and the dwarfest of shrubs to choice. The routine is simple: plenty of air, good drainage in the pots or pans and regular watering—varied, of course, according to the plants grown. Such a house can give a succession of flower from Christmas Day to Whitsun. Thereafter the bulbs can be shaken out and stored until the appropriate planting season, or dried off in their pans to rest and put into a cold frame with the alpine plants for the summer. If the latter course is followed, remember that bulbs want a thorough sun ripening if they are going to flower well the following spring, while the alpine plants mostly enjoy a well-ventilated shaded frame.

Bulbs

NOT only can we grow to greater perfection and to flower slightly earlier bulbs which are hardy out of doors, but also many which are wayward or whose natural habitat makes them quite naturally impatient of our ordinary English climate.

Of the first, the hardy ones, I will leave out aconite and snowdrop because the various members of these two are just as easy outside: the only point of having them in pans is to be able to bring them into one's drawing-room.

The common forms of crocus while equally easy are frequently forced; but it is of the species that I would speak. They are so lovely and so easily spoilt by rough weather that I would always have a pan of each, not only because they will come a little bit earlier but because it is such a treat to see them open to perfection on a sunny day in a cold house. I give pride of place I think to C. chrysanthus in its various forms: go and see them at one of the R.H.S. spring shows. The one called E. A. Bowles, to whom gardeners are indebted for these charmers, is perhaps the finest with large globular flowers of lovely deep butter-yellow. But others varying from white to yellow, some striped or blushed with mahogany, are all indispensable. Two favourites of mine are C. Balansæ and Stellaris, the latter as its name suggests with starry pure golden flowers, while the former has gourd-shaped buds of burnished bronze which open in the sun to show their rich orange interior.

I cannot name a tithe of the species of crocus which are highly enjoyable used in this way, but I must name one mauve whose cleanness of colour in the petal combined with the orange-coloured stigma displayed by the open flower puts it amongst the élite of spring flowers: I refer to C. Sieberi.

Blues

SO far everything has been white or yellow excepting the last-named crocus, which leads us on to blues and mauves.

The Squills (scilla siberica and bifolia) and chionadoxas are as lovely in pans as they are spread in wide drifts in the open ground. I need hardly describe them: three or four inches high, the one with spikes of wide open white-eyed flowers, the other with bells, both of bright ultramarine blue.

The Grape hyacinth or Muscari shall have the same commendation: ease of culture, in or out of doors, earliness and vivid blue colour, but here instead of the loosely arranged spike of scilla and chionadoxa the flowers are carried in tight narrow candelabras. Of these muscaris, azureum with cambridge blue flowers is the earlier, followed by Heavenly blue whose name amply describes it.

I think the loveliest of all early blue flowers is Iris histrioides major from Asia Minor. It grows no more than four inches high with flowers as broad, of the clearest cerulean blue with a splash of white at the throat. To enjoy this properly one must not plant a pan with the bulbs too closely set or one flower will run into and spoil the form of another. The blue form of the violent-scented I. reticulata called Cantab is another charming early iris, but the colour is rather too stately for my liking, and I prefer the type with flowers of the richest deep purple with a bright orange blotch. They are about two inches across, stiffly and sturdily carried, generally with the sharp-pointed spear-like leaves two or three inches higher than the flower.

A choice rarity for the connoisseur is Tecophilæa cyanocrocus, a glorious Chilean three or four inches high with flowers of the richest gentian blue; worth all the careful cultivation you can give it; this is for pans only, outdoors it is hopeless.

Daffodils

THERE are a few dwarf daffodils, most of which come from the Pyrenees, which are infinitely attractive for an alpine house either in a pan to themselves or mixed with scilla anemone and/or others. The smallest of them all, narcissus minimus, is two or three inches high with tiny pure golden trumpets of perfect proportions.

N. cyclamineus, of six inches, is most graceful with a slender trumpet and the petals reflexed straight backwards. It is so easy and beautiful that I cannot think why it is not more often grown.

Then there are two Hoop Petticoat daffodils, N. Bulbocodium and its variety Clusii, the former clear yellow, the latter white. They grow about seven inches high: the flower is a large cup surrounded by quill-like petals.

Of similar form but with two or three flowers to a stem, the cup more trumpet-shaped and a proper perianth—this is the name for the ring of petals surrounding the cup or trumpet of a narcissus—N. Triandrus, so aptly called Angel's Tears, is one of the gems of these dwarf daffodils in its various forms, either white cream or lemon yellow. And lastly, I will name almost the loveliest of all daffodils, Narcissus Queen of Spain. It grows about ten inches high with a straight trumpet and slightly reflexed perianth all of the most lovely clear canary yellow carried most gracefully; as easy as it is valuable.

(To be continued.)

Six Engagements

Harlip

Miss Gelda MacGregor

Dorviegelda Malvina MacGregor and the Hon. Greville Baird announced their engagement last autumn, and are being married on March 30 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alasdair MacGregor of Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire, and he is the second son of Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven, of Urie, Kincardineshire, and is in the R.A.F.

Peter North

Miss Cecily Borwick

Cecily Borwick, who is engaged to the Hon. Henry Allsopp, is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Malcolm Borwick, of Hazelbech Hill, Northampton. Her fiancé is in the Coldstream Guards, and is the brother of Lord Hindlip, who remarried recently

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Helen Villiers

Helen Villiers is engaged to Nicholas Eliot, D.C.L.I., eldest son of the Hon. Sir Montague and Lady Eliot, of Port Eliot, St. Germans, Cornwall. His father is brother and heir presumptive to the Earl of St. Germans. His regiment is at present stationed in Lahore. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Villiers, and Lady Kathleen Villiers, of 92, Park West, W.2

Speaight

Miss Selina Gerth Van Wijk

Selina Gerth Van Wijk is engaged to Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, youngest of the five sons of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute. She is the only child of Frederick Gerth Van Wijk, the Dutch Minister in Tangier

Lenare

Miss Joan Pilkington

Joan Lisette Douglas Pilkington is the daughter of Alan Douglas Pilkington, and the late Mrs. Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, and Achvarasdal, Thurso, Caithness. She is engaged to Anthony Arthur Rugge-Price, 13th/18th Hussars, son of Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Rugge-Price, Bt., and Lady Rugge-Price, of Beaucroft, Wimborne, Dorset

Faver

Miss Phyllis Hallett

Phyllis Hallett is engaged to the Hon. John Acland-Hood, brother and heir presumptive to Lord St. Audries, who is a bachelor. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Denys B. I. Hallett, of 2, Old Palace Terrace, Richmond, Surrey. Her fiancé is a barrister of Gray's Inn

Fur Coats at a Meet—and a Pink Coat

The pink coat was worn by Mr. Toby Milbanke, brother of Sir John Milbanke. The ocelot coats belonged to Miss Priscilla Other-Gee and Mrs. Meredith Mackey. The meet was one of the Cottesmore's biggest and best—held on a Saturday and at Stapleford Park, home of Colonel John Gretton, M.P.

Fur Coats at a Point-to-Point

The ocelot is everywhere—in this case on Mrs. George Spencer, and its cousin the leopard ornaments the pony-skin of Mrs. Oliver Brocklebank. This was at the Fernie meet at Saddington, which followed the 12th Lancers' point-to-point

Before

Mr. Gregory Hood an two of 22 starters (5 Guards' point-to-poi Hanbury, Grenadi into second place, thr

Riding and Watching: at Soldiers' Point-to-Points, Undergraduates' Steeplechases and Leicestershire Meets

Spectators at Saddington

Mr. Robert Newton and Mrs. Philip Cripps watched the 12th Lancers' race, and he went hunting with the Fernie afterwards. She was Marjory Biddulph before her marriage last year

A Drink for the Winners

Capt. A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter and his Sanctum won the 12th Lancers' point-to-point at Saddington, and second was Capt. W. G. Carr on his Fan II., who also won the Neil Haig Chargers' Cup for the second year running. With them was another of the 22 starters, Major G. B. Clifton Brown

Spectators at Cottenham—

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bevan were more than ordinarily interested spectators at Cottenham, as he had three horses running in the two-day Cambridge University steeplechase meeting, but had no wins

1 Race

Mr. Pat Hanbury were ntered) in the Brigade of t Pillerton Priors. Mr. Guards, rode his Politician engths behind the winner

After a Race

The winner of the Brigade of Guards' point-to point was still racing along as he went to weigh in. Sir John Pigott-Brown, Coldstream Guards, won on his The Stroller over the 3½ miles of Warwickshire hunting country

Lord Vaughan, Lord and Lady Lisburne, Mrs. Lawrence

The Earl and Countess of Lisburne went down to Heyford to see their son and heir, Lord Vaughan, ride in the Bullingdon Grind. With them here is Mrs. Jack Lawrence. Lord Vaughan, who didn't win his race, comes of age next September

Mr. Gresham, who is in the Welsh Guards, rode his horse, Front Page, in the Nomination Race at the Bullingdon Club meeting. His wife, Lady Rosemary Gresham, is the Earl of Erroll's sister

Lady Rosemary and Mr. James Gresham

—And Two More

Also at Cottenham were the Marquess of Hartington and Miss Kathleen Kennedy, the American Ambassador's daughter. They have watched racing together more than once in the last few weeks

Spectators at Heythrop

Lady Anne Bridgeman (centre) was at the Bullingdon Grind with two of her future sisters-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray and the Hon. Daphne Pearson. Her fiancé, Lord Cowdray, is in Los Angeles as non-playing captain of the British Westchester Cup team

Lady Mary Strickland, Miss Wyndham

Right: Lady Mary Strickland was out hunting with the Quorn when they met at Hungarton and killed two foxes and lost three. With her at the meet was Miss Ursula Wyndham

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Championship for Handicap Golfers

To the best of my knowledge, the Halford Hewitt tournament, with its entry of about five hundred players, is the largest golf meeting played on one course on consecutive days. The national golf tournament promoted by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* must surely be the actual largest golf tournament in the world, but of course it is played on a great many courses. The *Morning Post* started this tournament in 1931, since when the entries have increased every year; in 1931, representatives from 220 golf clubs took part, and last year players representing no fewer than 1036 golf clubs took out cards in the preliminary rounds. This year, the tournament will be open to all amateur golfers in England and Wales, who have handicaps on March 1st, 1939, of not less than six strokes. It will, as previously, be played in three stages: (1) an eighteen-holes qualifying round on the competitor's home course; (2) a thirty-six holes district final; (3) a thirty-six-holes final.

The qualifying round may be played on any date, between March 1st and June 10th, convenient to the club on whose course it is played, and can take place at the same time as one of the club's regular competitions, therefore its organisation will give the secretary of the club concerned very little extra work.

After the qualifying round, each club is permitted to select two players to represent the members in the district final, one from the senior division (handicaps 6 to 12) and the other from the junior division (handicaps 13 to 18). The district finals are played as far north as Northumberland, as far west as Cornwall, as far south as Hampshire, and as far east as Kent, and altogether there will be 36 district finals. The winners of the senior and of the junior divisions in the district finals qualify for the final, which this year, like last year, will be played at Wentworth Club, Virginia Water, where they will be allowed a day's practice without paying a green fee, just before the final takes place.

In 1934, M. E. Rooke, of the Ulverston Golf Club, playing off a handicap of 13, won the final at Wentworth with scores of 65 and 68, scores which a first-class professional golfer would have had extremely little chance of beating. Up to this time, competitors played from the handicap which they had when the qualifying round was played. After Rooke's indecent returns, it was decided that, in future, competitors must play off their current handicaps throughout the competition. The new rule, however, did not prevent W. A. Bland, of the Heysham Golf Club, from returning a score of 69 at Sunningdale, off a handicap of 12, or J. A. Pakeman, of the Swindon Golf Club, from returning, also off a handicap of 12, a score of 64 on the East Course at Wentworth last year, which, with a 75 on the West Course, made him victorious last August.

Pakeman, who at the time of his victory was only nineteen years of age, had only been playing the game at all seriously for two years when he returned his 64. An equally fine performance last year in the final was the 72 of the runner-up, G. le Mare, on the longer and more testing West Course. Le Mare rejoiced in a handicap of 14 at Beaconsfield, and is clearly the wrong man to have half-a-crown with in a friendly match.

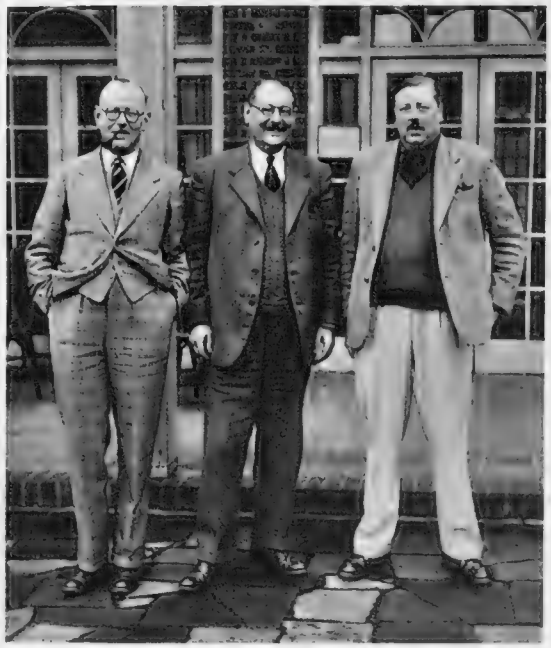
I do not think that there is very much doubt that we are entitled to regard this tournament as the handicap golfer's championship, and there is no doubt that the winner, as the tournament lasts from March to August, has earned a worthy victory, for which he has had to work very hard. This tournament also gives all young golfers experience of competitive golf under testing conditions, and opportunities of playing on fresh courses at the minimum expense. It may well be the stepping-off place of a future amateur champion.

The *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* also promotes a tournament run on similar lines for lady golfers, and no doubt Miss Helme will have something to write about it in one of her contributions to this periodical.

A tournament of this sort is clearly good fun, as well as good golf, so let us hope that the meetings of 1939 will be as successful as their predecessors.

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Conditions and entry form will be found on page iii of this issue



The Berks. and Bucks. G.A. Meeting

The Berks. and Bucks. Golfing Association held a bogey foursomes meeting at Gerrards Cross, where this group was taken: Major J. V. R. Nalder, Capt. N. L. de Rinzy (hon. sec. of the Association), and Mr. Pleydell Bouverie

E. W. H. Kenyon and H. B. Holme were a Beaconsfield couple playing in the Berks. and Bucks. meeting at Gerrards Cross. Their morning-round score was 7 up

F. W. Slaughter and A. E. Robins were another Berks. and Bucks. pair. They returned 5 up on bogey in the morning round. J. Burness and H. Stone won the competition

In charge of the formalities for the Berks. and Bucks. meeting was the captain of the Gerrards Cross club, W. F. H. Dempster; with him is the professional, L. Holland

Waiting for a Train

Princess Maria Francisa Hohenlohe-Langenburg had got as far as the fenced-in queue that waited for a Mürren train

Several stages further from the next train were the quartet on the bench—John Warrender, Sir Victor Warrender's son, Lady Patricia Bendern, Mrs. Robert Laycock, and Count John Bendern. Though the ground was bare under their feet, there was a good two feet of snow on the Mürren runs

Waiting for a Later Train

Snow Season: Mürren and Grindelwald

Out to Lunch

Captain J. P. Black left his Mürren hotel for a day tour with his skis in one hand, his sticks and lunch in the other. The managing director of the Standard Motor Company is a keen ski-er, takes an annual snow holiday

A Master and Some Students

There was noticeably less snow about the boots and legs of the master, Bill Bracken (centre), than there was on the students, Tom Ollson and Nancy Harmood-Banner (vorlage trousers), Mrs. Bracken (ski-ing skirt), the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill (plus fours). They were all on a slope above Mürren

Prince Bernhard at Grindelwald

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands is having a snow holiday at Grindelwald with her husband and small daughter. Prince Bernhard is an enthusiastic ski-er, and took his bride winter-sporting for their honeymoon two years ago. Princess Juliana has a delightful snow outfit for the little snow-goggled Princess Beatrix—a pram on runners and a St. Bernard to pull it around the snow-covered paths

Princess Juliana Takes Her Daughter Out Sleighing

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The New Season Well and Truly Begun

Off with a bang! Entry form this week for Bystander Northern Foursomes; entries filling up fast for Roehampton Gold Cup on March 17th, with all sorts of distinguished people; county second team matches; Parliamentary L.G.A. busy; the Kent Foursomes started: truly the season 1939 has begun!

And whatever the prognostications of fewer people playing golf, and nobody able to afford this, that and the other, the feeling is about that, if it is really true that the Government means to borrow and not to tax, 1939 will be no bad golfing season after all.

Northern Foursomes for the first time are visiting Hesketh. True, the National Playing Fields competition, run in conjunction with the Foursomes, was given a home there the last time but one that the major event was at Birkdale, but since then the course has been altered, so that even those who adventured there then will not altogether know where they are. The atmosphere of generous welcome that has permeated all the correspondence with the club, their having the N.P.F.A. themselves as well as the Foursomes this year, all suggests most excellent prospects for April 18th to 21st, not forgetting that competitors are to be allowed to practise free of charge on Monday, 17th, or on the Thursday and Friday before for a green fee of 2s. 6d. per half day, or 3s. 6d. the day. They cannot play on Saturday and Sunday, the course on those days being reserved for the men; but that is indeed a small stipulation. There is sure to be lots of fun; the draw will, as usual, be seeded, and nobody forgets how quickly the seeded ones were dismissed last year, leaving the longer handicaps to carry off the spoils. Will the same happen this year?

Parliamentary L.G.A. v. Roehampton

In the Parliamentary Ladies' Golfing Association match against Roehampton, described by Miss Helme on this page, the above pair met: Mrs. Nigel Seeley, who beat Mrs. Shackman 2 and 1

Parliamentary L.G.A. were not slow to take the chance given them by finding Roehampton without Miss Doris Chambers or Mrs. Gilligan, and 4½ to 2½ was the due reward of energy. Mrs. John Morrison showed herself in just as good form as ever she was as Miss Cradock-Hartopp; out in 37 (which is two less than par) and by then four up on Mrs. S. V. Hicks. After that she looked like flinging it away, but finished full of running to win by 3 and 2. It was splendid to see Mrs. Nigel Seeley on the Parliamentary side, playing some shots that made one recall her exploits when she was Miss Isabella Rieben; and there was a new recruit in Mrs. Lovett Cameron, who spurted at the last to halve with Mrs. Stocks, after the latter had seemed to have matters all her own way. Miss Barnes Gorell came unluckily out of hitting a tiny notice-board at the eighteenth, and lost there to Mrs. Richardson, who was only just back from judging in the skating championships at Prague.

That at Roehampton was a deliciously spring afternoon; the next one at Tandridge was a mighty cold one, with the distance steely blue, not to mention the fingers and faces of all spectators and some players. Tandridge is a course of real personality, not only its quite glorious views, but also the shots to be played; winners and losers alike were enthusiastic about it. Surrey II. achieved a 4 to 3 win from Sussex II., and if no one gave the impression of being a quite outstanding youngster, to reward the first team captains who shivered together so cheerfully in search of such a find, the golf was good enough, the cold and the comparative unknown-ness of the course considered.

It was almost staggering to find the Kent Handicap Foursomes played under perfect conditions. Ice and snow, cold and frost may yet arrive before the three days are over—this is written at the end of the first one—but so far the weather has most amiably forgotten to live up to tradition. Just to show it knew what was expected of it, the ice on the lake at Sidcup remained strong enough to support Miss Greenhough's ball throughout the morning, but even that had melted under the cheerful sun by the time the second round was being played. These foursomes are a pleasant event, not too deadly serious, but with plenty of keenness, and it would have been difficult to imagine a more exciting match than the one in which Mrs. Green and Mrs. Musson, last year's runners-up, took revenge at the nineteenth hole on the holders, Miss Doxford and Miss Ling.

Miss Ling played like a Trojan; the second shot which she put close up to the eighteenth for a three to save the match was worth so much more space than remains.

Miss Bridget Jackson is showing what it means to a promising golfer to go a long way in a championship. Beyond dispute she was a worthy runner-up in the Irish last June. In the morning at Sidcup she and Miss Pat Mitchell seemed invincible, but they wilted in the afternoon, perhaps because Miss Mitchell is only just over an operation, and with thirteen strokes to give, went out to Mrs. Jessop and Mrs. Farthing. But the two losers should be of much use to Kent this year; so should be Mrs. Green. Perhaps Miss Wanda Morgan, though debarred from playing herself, may at least have the satisfaction of seeing her county in the finals.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Entry form and Conditions are on page iv

The Kent County Ladies' Foursomes at Sidcup

Miss Pat Mitchell and Miss J. Jackson (Chislehurst) beat Miss McGrath and Mrs. Wells in the first round; fell to Miss Jessop and Mrs. Farthing in the second

Mrs. H. Hearn and Mrs. Bardgett (Down) graduated from the first round by beating Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bates, then lost by a hole in the second round

Mrs. A. T. Wilson and Mrs. G. B. Bates were a Wrotham Heath pair at Sidcup; they lost by 3 and 1 in the first round to Mrs. Hearn and Mrs. Bardgett (left)

The London Ladies

This team beat the Americans (right) in the match at the Ladies' Carlton Club; it was the visitors' second appearance and second defeat. The London team was: Miss L. M. Bremner, Miss V. Daulton-White, Miss St. Clair Morford, Miss R. Behrens, Mrs. Strawson, Mrs. Backhouse and Miss Olga Klingenberg

The American Ladies

The team of American Ladies to contest the Wolfe-Noel squash racquets cups next week, and who are competing in the English championship this week, are: Miss Anne Page (champion of U.S.A.), Miss Frida Scharman, Miss Elizabeth Pearson, Miss Barbara Williams; (front row) Miss Margaret Bostwick, Miss Eleanor Sears (captain) and Miss Helen Stone

The coachee on the right is Miss Freda Iredale, a member of the women's cricket team for Australia; her coach is Mr. Sandham, former Surrey and England player

Signs of Spring

Sportfolio

Mrs. Musson and Mrs. Green (below, left) beat Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Haig Smith (below, right) in the finals of the Kent ladies' handicap foursomes at Sidcup; conceding three strokes in each round, they won 10 and 9. Other players in the foursomes appear opposite

Lord Leigh and his Great Prince fell (below) at the Bullingdon Club's point-to-point at Somerton, near Oxford. He was one of a field of twenty-five in the Nomination Race, won by Mr. E. C. Cockburn on The Ringer II.

Winners and Runners-Up in the Kent County Ladies' Foursomes

Lord Leigh Comes to Grief at Somerton

An Air Commentary

By Charles Ward

An Apology

In our issue of February 15th we published two photographs entitled "Ancient and Modern," the second showing a lady in light-coloured flying kit, her name being given as Miss Stella Pierres. Most unfortunately, the photographer's caption omitted to inform us that the picture was taken some years ago. Miss Stella Pierres was subsequently married to Major R. Calvert Empson, who was killed whilst taking part in the recent Monte Carlo Motor Rally. We regret sincerely the distress which has been caused to Mrs. Empson by the mistake, and offer her our apologies. At the time the picture was taken, Major Empson was an owner-pilot and his wife was learning to fly the 'plane with him. Mrs. Empson is taking up voluntary work on A.R.P., and has not joined the Civil Air Guard.

Air Touring To-day

As flying gets safer and private travel by air becomes more restricted in scope, the chances of adventure recede. Forced landings due to weather offer almost the sole opportunity for testing the unknown. It so happened that three of the party shown below in the group at Samaden, had one of those old-fashioned "forced landings" en route from London. The pilot was Mr. Vernon Motion; the passengers, Miss "Tommy" Fletcher and Mr. Rodney Kent; the 'plane, a Miles "Falcon Six" from Air Touring, Gatwick. A late start from England involved an intermediate landing at Le Bourget, where the curious habit still persists of allowing military aircraft to practise landings on the international airport for Paris. One of the French Air Force fighters nearly wrote-off the "Falcon," which resulted in strong words with the Commandant and some further delay. Half an hour after sunset, the party was forced down for the night at Colroy la Grande, in the Vosges, where the villagers hadn't seen an aeroplane at close quarters since 1918. The thrill caused Chateauneuf du Pape to be produced at 12 francs a bottle, just the sort of reward one should expect, but doesn't always achieve, after a successful emergency landing. In the morning, it was found that the field measured 130 yards long and there was an overhead power line 120 paces further ahead. The "Falcon" cleared the obstacle with one up and little space for laughter; the passengers rejoined the 'plane at Strasbourg. The aerodrome for St. Moritz is at Samaden, where Customs attend private 'planes by previous request. It is surfaced with ice or snow or both, so some care is needed by pilots unaccustomed to winter sports.

Miss Jasmine Bligh, television announcer, seen at Hanworth in the Autogiro from which she gave a commentary whilst handling the controls. Captain R. A. C. Brie, chief test pilot, was in charge during the flight

The Captain and Crew

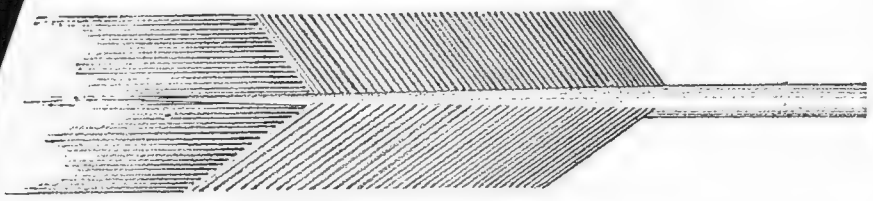
The demand for air transport has created many new professions, and the most interesting of these from the point of view of passengers are, of course, those of captain and crew. What experience must these men have? What tests must they pass before taking over the command and other posts on international air-liners? The "Empire" flying-boats carry a commander and a crew of four. The skipper has flown several thousands of hours as a pilot before getting his "ship." Most of his flying will have been done as a commercial pilot, though the majority have served in the R.A.F. at some time. Navigation is a subject in which every commander must be proficient, both in theory and practice. Meteorology, engineering, seamanship, and a knowledge of the technique of wireless operation are other essentials. The first officer is a commander in training, and has the same qualifications as his chief, but with less practical experience. Radio officers are trained at a special school, merely transferring their skill and knowledge to the air. Stewards are the handymen in the cabins—small and active: good barmen, deft waiters, keen buyers in strange ports, able to make beds and cope with invalids. The flight clerk keeps the ship's papers; he supervises the stowing and unloading of mail and baggage. Whatever the weather, he spends some of his time in the air at the typewriter, and he shares with the steward some responsibility for the comfort of passengers. These are the men of the air, dependent in their turn on a host of others, who serve at the airports of call and at the radio stations. But it 's the captain and his crew who come into contact with the travelling public, and no body of flying men has a finer reputation than those on the Empire routes.

With a Miles "Falcon Six" at St. Moritz. The group includes (l. to r.) Don Aspreno Colonna, Mrs. Ralph Hawkes, Mr. Rodney Kent, Miss M. K. Fletcher, Mr. Vernon Motion, who piloted the 'plane, and Mr. Andrea Badrutt, son of the proprietor of the Palace Hotel and other centres of gaiety at St. Moritz

Airway News

Central-heating, sound-proofing, supercharging, and now air-conditioning—all of these innovations are being introduced to aircraft. Imperial Airways is fitting a light electric-motor in a flying-boat, with the object of maintaining temperature at a suitable level, according to season and latitude. Every day, a 'plane leaves our chilly shores, and in two days it is entering the tropics. The same air-conditioning plant can supply a cooling draught over the desert or the equator. London-Paris services are to be operated jointly by Imperials and British Airways, commencing in the early spring. "Frobisher" liners are to be used, and eight services a day are planned, one every two hours. There has been a hitch in the negotiations for a merger between the two companies, a matter of more interest to shareholders than to travellers. There are distinct advantages in maintaining two separate concerns. Imperial Airways have enough to handle in developing Empire routes to their logical conclusion, and in linking-up the five continents to form a line round the world. British Airways should be left free to build up a radial system of lines to all the capitals of Europe. Intensive production of the de .H. "Flamingo" brings the European project well in sight. There is talk of 100 of these fast liners being built by the end of next year. Definite plans have been drawn up at last for a metropolitan airport scheme. Heston is to be modernised at once, with a ZZ radio landing system and contact lights set in the ground. Fairlop is being built and Lullingstone is to be bought.

GO

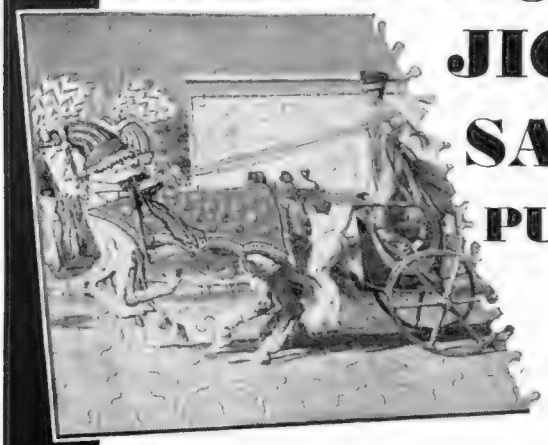


Advice of prominent car manufacturers for 1939 is "Go—don't wait to warm up. Drive straight off after starting." Reason is that nine out of ten new cars will have automatic chokes. They give quicker warming up, save cylinder wear. But they demand petrol equally quick on the up-take. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "re-formed" petrol, is exceptionally volatile and perfectly suited to modern conditions.

SHELL FOR **GO** FOR SHELL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

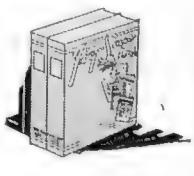
There's nothing like a JIG-SAW PUZZLE!



A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by F. Matania, R.I., is shown.

With a jig-saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned Illustrated Newspapers have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles and measure 16 ins. by 12 ins., they are magnificently printed and permanently mounted on plywood. And, so that you can store your puzzles neatly, they are packed in strongly made book-cover boxes; just the thing for your bookcase or bookshelf.

The following subjects — Price 3s. 6d. each (postage abroad 2/6 extra)—are now available:— *Nefertiti*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Cleopatra*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *H.M. The King, Riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.* *David Copperfield's Journey from Yarmouth to London*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *A Christmas Incident in a Surrey Farmhouse*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *The Apple of His Majesty's Eye*, by William Van de Velde the Younger.



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What do you mean 'SUPER-FATTED'?

Super-fatted in shaving means the difference between approaching the morning shave like a bull at a gate (or a bear with a sore head) and sailing blithely through the stubble like a speculator on a rising market. Invest in Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream to-day, and see the difference super-fatting makes. You get a rich creamy lather which stays moist, enables you to have a really clean shave, and leaves your skin soft, cool and refreshed.

Ah! Now I see!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

GS62L

***Impracticable** is the adjective for this road from Devil's Bridge to Rhayader, but a 1939 Vauxhall "Ten" takes it in its stride*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

WHEN regulations of forthcoming races begin to reach me, I really feel justified in believing that we are through the winter, and spring sunshine and all the good motoring it stands for are just around the corner. During the past week I have relished the receipt of the regulations of the first Brooklands meeting, to be held on March 11th, and of the B.R.D.C. British Empire Trophy race to be run at Donington on April 1st. The former event is to be a mixed car and motor-cycle affair, and I can almost hear Harry Edwards saying, "What the Crystal Palace drops to-day, Brooklands takes up to-morrow"; but he would be wrong, for Brooklands has run occasional mixed meetings for years past! On the car side the event will be restricted to outer circuit and (welcome revival!) mountain circuit events Racing will start at 2 p.m.

The B.B.C. will again broadcast the British Empire Trophy race this year, and for listeners, as well as for spectators, the proceedings will be somewhat simpler to follow this time by reason of the fact that the number of handicap groups has been reduced from four to three, the Class H (750 c.c.) category not figuring separately this year. The race (which, by the way, will start at 2.30 p.m.) is over the full T.T. circuit of 3 miles 220 yards, 64 laps of which (200 miles) constituting "the distance."

The handicap provides for a number of credit laps, as well as a sliding scale of schedule speeds, as follows:—

Group "A" (Supercharged cars up to 1100 c.c., and unsupercharged cars up to 1500 c.c.). Lap time: 2 mins. 37 secs. Lap speed: 71·66 m.p.h. Number of laps to be completed: 60 (four credit laps).

Group "B" (Supercharged cars up to 1500 c.c., and unsupercharged cars up to 4000 c.c.). Lap time: 2 mins. 29·3 secs. Lap speed: 75·15 m.p.h. Number of laps to be completed: 63 (one credit lap).

Group "C" (Supercharged cars over 1500 c.c., and unsupercharged cars over 4000 c.c.). Lap time: 2 mins. 27 secs. Lap speed: 76·53 m.p.h. (scratch).

In the regulations of this race the new "Oil on Course" signal flag (yellow and red vertical stripes) is included for the first time, while another new feature which competitors will appreciate is that which permits drivers not working on their cars during a pit stop to get out and stretch their legs, instead of remaining cramped in the cockpit while all the ordered scurry and flurry goes on about them.

THAT really was a magnificent high-speed run the 4½-litre streamlined Bentley put up on the German Autobahnen recently, when not only the very high speed of the car was demonstrated (more than 120 m.p.h. being obtained on one stretch, with an average of 100 m.p.h. for 25 miles out of Mannheim), but also the most extraordinary consumption figures. While averaging 80 m.p.h. the petrol consumption worked out at 21 miles per gallon; at a-mile-a-minute this was even reduced to 26 m.p.g. Petrol of ordinary pump type was used, and the car carried four passengers and luggage.

As if this demonstration were not proof enough of the altogether outstanding merit of the Bentley, the car was later taken to Montlhéry, where it lapped at 110·043 m.p.h. and covered a distance of 107·418 miles in one hour with a flying start.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, The Lea, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke, Hants.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, March 18th and Sunday, March 19th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 4th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....

Do not send your entrance fee. It should be paid when you get your card at Weston-super-Mare G.C.

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page ii)

IT looks as though there are going to be fun and games in 1½-litre racing this year. For the past few years, of course, E.R.A. cars have dominated this class—a fact which the Italians, in particular, have found irksome. The result is extreme activity on the part of the Alfa-Romeo and Maserati concerns during the past winter, with government backing.

A 1500-c.c. Alfa of tremendous potency appeared once or twice last year, but this has now been modified and a roller-bearing engine substituted for that which was previously used, and the result is said to be "terrific"—but even this, it is claimed, pales into comparative insignificance beside the power-output of the new 1½-litre Maserati which, if reports are to be believed, must stand comparison with Gardner's M.G. Startling as all these rumours are, however, I believe that E.R.A.s will hold their own for, at any rate, the major part of the coming season, and that the challenge, when it comes, will be most serious from a new 1500-c.c. Mercedes, of which little is yet known in this country. We shall see. . . .

THE snow which covered the country last Christmas resulted in a curious complaint being received by the R.A.C. from one of its members. This concerned a new R.A.C. Associate-Members' badge, which, it was alleged, after being fitted to the bumper-bar of his car for only three days, became covered with rust. It was found, after certain tests had been carried out, that the alleged rust was actually a rust-like deposit caused by the chemicals used for melting snow which, mixed with the snow, had been thrown up on the badge. Dry soap and hot water quickly removed this deposit, leaving the badge quite unaffected and as bright as when new.

What affects a chromium-plated R.A.C. badge will similarly affect other chromium-plated parts. Motorists are therefore advised by the R.A.C., if they have driven through melting snow, to wash and dry all chromium-plated parts and apply an anti-rust oil. This advice is particularly valuable now that so many local authorities are following this method of dealing with deep snow.

***Something new:** Austin have launched this new "Eight" two-door saloon, of which they have great hopes; it is expected in expert quarters to replace the "Baby" in popularity*

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (17th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1939, will be held at Hesketh, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 18th to April 21st.
Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: MRS. H. SOMERVILLE and MISS D. GREEN.

HOTELS

The address of MISS HELME during the Foursomes will be PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, SOUTHPORT. *'Phone:* Southport 4131. Special terms to competitors there will be—
14s. 6d. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
17s. 6d. ditto, with afternoon tea and table d'hôte luncheon in addition.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Southport are—
HESKETH PARK HYDRO HOTEL (nearest to course): from 12s. 6d. per day, all meals inclusive.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast.
PALACE HOTEL, BIRKDALE: 12s. 6d. per day, dinner, bed and breakfast. 15s. 6d. per day, all meals.
SANDHURST PRIVATE HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 9s. 6d. per day, dinner bed and breakfast.
SMEDLEY HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHPORT: 14s. 6d. per day, all meals.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (8th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. STEPHENSON.

In conjunction with the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Hesketh during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 18th, to Friday, April 21st, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Hesketh, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change **in writing as soon as possible.** Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before March 31st should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. The eight pairs with the lowest joint handicaps will be seeded.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HESKETH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Seventeenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 31st.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Hesketh, on April 18th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* } .....
of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....
Home Address.....
.....*Telephone number*.....
To play in the above handicap foursomes with
Mrs. / *Miss* } .....
of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....
Home Address.....
.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 14th, to Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport. *Telegrams and Telephone:* Helme, Southport 4131.

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FASHIONABLE TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in a new Woollen fabric, trimmed with White Fox dyed to tone. Mist-green, Cornflower, Navy, Black. PRICE **17½ gns.**

THREE-PIECE in a plain wool fabric trimmed with the companionate stripes. Hyacinth / grey / yellow stripe, Marine-blue / self / blue stripe, Lovat-blue / grey/green stripe, Lychen/yellow/grey stripe, Cedar/self/grey stripe. PRICE **7½ gns.**

A CHARMING SPRING TWO-PIECE in a novelty Wool mousse trimmed with Flying Fox. Wedgewood, Dull-pink, Porcelain-blue, Sea-green. PRICE **12½ gns.**

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(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Ellert — Chattock

John Arnold Ellert, of Racton, Henfield, Sussex, son of the late Arnold Ellert and Mrs. Ellert, and Esther Penelope Chattock, daughter of the late Richard Chattock and Mrs. Chattock, of 7, Douglas House, Maida Hill West, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Barclay — Shenton

Cecil Edward Sanford Barclay, son of the late Sir Colville Barclay, and Lady Vansittart, of Denham Place, Denham, Bucks., and Yvonne Eleanor Mutch Shenton, daughter of Sir William and Lady Shenton, of 3, the Boltons, S.W.10, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Fairfax — Heald

Vincent Charles Fairfax and Nancy Heald, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Heald, of 3, Cannon Place, N.W.3, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the only son of John Herbert Fairfax, of Sydney, Australia, owner of the "Sydney Morning Herald," of which the bridegroom is London manager

Richardson — Lever

Captain Philip Herbert Richardson, Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Shiremark, Capel, Surrey, and Joan Darcy Lever, daughter of the late James Darcy Lever, and Mrs. John Moon, of Highfield, Tiverton, Devon, were married at St. Peter's, Tiverton

Thomson — Elliott

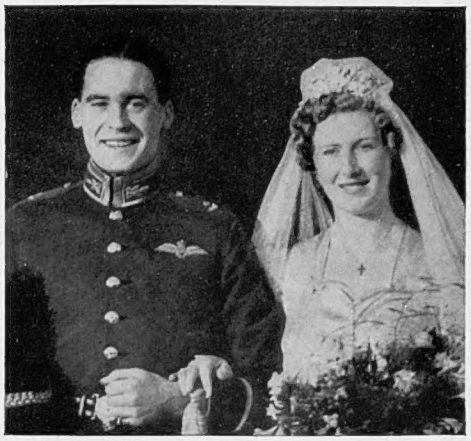
John Thomson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Thomson, of Shawe House, Flixton, Manchester, and Anne Carey Elliott, elder daughter of Sir Ivo Elliott, Bt., and Lady Elliott, of 173, Woodstock Road, Oxford, were married at St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford

Greig — Osborne

Stanley McNeil Greig, son of the late Captain Stanley Greig and Mrs. Greig, and Monica Osborne, elder daughter of Prebendary H. J. R. Osborne, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Walton St., and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Mrs. Osborne, of 7, Hans Place, S.W.1, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton St.

Lovegrove — Gould

Hubert Adrian Lovegrove, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. L. Lovegrove, of Meresfield House, Crewkerne, Somerset, and Nan Gould, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gould, of the Old Rectory, West Coker, Somerset, had a country wedding at West Coker



Bennett — Firmin-Blofeld

David Edmund Bennett, R.A.F., only son of Commander and Mrs. Bennett, of Middleton-on-Sea, and Joyce E. J. Firmin-Blofeld, daughter of the late Lieut. Firmin, and Mrs. Blofeld, of Lee-on-Solent, were married at St. Faith's, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

Carnwath — Armstrong

Andrew Hunter Carnwath, elder son of Dr. Thomas Carnwath, of the Ministry of Health, and Kathleen Marianne Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, of Westoe House, South Shields, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Kealy — Carr-Walker

Captain H. L. B. Kealy, Royal Signals, eldest son of Sir Herbert and Lady Kealy, of , Chadlington Road, Oxford, and Barbara Evelyn Carr-Walker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carr-Walker, of Ilmsford House, Harrogate, Yorks., were married at St. Robert's, Pannal, Harrogate

Owston — Bromley

Dr. A. J. Owston, of 54, Upper Brook Street, W.1, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Owston, and Rosemary Sylvia Bromley, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Fitzroy Bromley, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Henderson — Tulloch

Alexander Edward William Henderson, only son of the late Captain W. A. Henderson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Henderson, of 20, Bryanston Mansions, W.1, and Rosemary Tulloch, only daughter of the late Angus Tulloch, D.L., and Mrs. Tulloch, of 82, Portland Place, W.1, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Birdwood — Woodward

Christopher Richard Brodrick Birdwood, son of the late Captain C. W. B. Birdwood, Gurkha Rifles, and Mrs. Birdwood, of Wendy House, the Down, Bexhill, and Sheila Kathleen Woodward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Woodward, of Monaire, Richmond Avenue, Bexhill, were married at St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, Holborn

Hutchinson — Henderson

A Camberley wedding took place when Guy Hutchinson married Jessie Henderson. He is the son of the late Captain H. E. M. Hutchinson, the Buffs, and Mrs. Hutchinson, of Camberley; she is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hume Henderson, of St. Ronan's, Camberley, Berks.

Goodwyn — Reade

Captain James Norton Goodwyn, the Welch Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. C. W. Goodwyn, of Colchester, and Pamela Reade, an Irish ex-international tennis player, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Reade, of Firgrove, Muckamore, Co. Antrim, were married at Antrim Parish Church

For lolling in the sun . . . . tailored linen dungarees—workmanlike, very chic, over a tailored short sleeved linen shirt. Open revered neckline and buttoned front. Dungarees — rust, navy or light blue 35/6. Shirts—rust, white or light blue 22/6 From the Beachwear Salon.

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AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161.) Mon., Feb. 27th. 6.25 & 9. Mats., Sat., 2.30 ALICE DELYSIA; Ivor Moreton & Dave Kaye; Hughie Green & Co.; Rebla; Three Dixi Brothers; Three Hugos; Ben Dova; Peter Marwoode & Beatrix Richards, etc. Prices: 1/3 to 7/6.

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Beaulieu s/Mer—Between Nice and Monte Carlo.—**Bedford & Savoy Hotels.**—1st-class. Full South. Sea—Tennis—Garage—Park.

Cannes. — Cavendish Hotel. — First-class family hotel; all comforts; full south. Near Casino and beach. Very moderate terms.

Cannes.—Hotel "Les Sablons."—Croisette. Garden. Quiet. Cen. h. Bed. (h. & c.). First-cl. cuisine. 56/5 wk. incl. bd., service, taxes.

FRANCE—*continued*

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 120, with bth. fr. Frs. 140.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.–Navirotel.–Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with trms.

Menton. — Hotel Atlantic & Malte. — 1st class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden.

Menton.—Riviera Palace.—Ideal Winter Residence. 25 acres of grounds and gardens.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued

FRANCE—*continued*

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Bristol & Majestic.–200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. Frs. 75 on.

Monte Carlo.–Le Grand Hotel.–350 rooms. 280 bathrooms. Entirely renov. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

Monte Carlo. — The Mirabeau. — A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. F. Schipper.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince De Galles.—Strictly First-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.–1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £4.4. With priv. bath £5.

Nice.–Atlantic Htl.–First-cl. 200 rms. Close to Sea and Casino. Own gar. Mod. terms. Con. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss man.

GERMANY

Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.–Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. from R.M. 9. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Win. too.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvre. Rms. fr. M. 5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Bavarian Alps).—**Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks.12.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

SWITZERLAND

Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.–Palace Hotel.–Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run. Strela Ski-lift. Rms. fr. S. Frs. 7. Full board fr. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer Man.

Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.—First-cl. Good value and personal attention. Pen. terms fr. 14/-. A. Bohren, Man. Propr.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland)—**The Sport Hotel Silvretta** — for charm atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).–**Grd. Htl. Kurhaus.**–1st cl. 200 beds. The leading Eng. htl. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host of the Elite. Season till end of March

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–1st class, every mod. comft., excellent cuisine. Bar. orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-

Zurich. — Hotel Bellerive au Lac. — Ideal in Winter. Restaurant. Famous Bar. Covered Tennis Court. Golf.

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